

Confederate Daughters



VOL. XXXV.

FEBRUARY, 1927

NO. 2



REPRESENTATIVE GROUP, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

The President General and General Officers grouped in front of the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, Va., during the convention in November, 1926. Seated are: Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, First Vice President General; Mrs. St. John Alison Lawton, President General; Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, Second Vice President General. Standing: Mrs. A. J. Smith, Recording Secretary General; Mrs. John L. Woodbury, Historian General; Mrs. W. J. Woodliff, Registrar General; Miss Jessica Smith, Color Bearer; Mrs. R. P. Holt, Custodian of Crosses; Mrs. F. C. Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General; Mrs. R. H. Ramsey, Treasurer General.

BOOKS WORTH WHILE.

To those who are interested in making a collection of worth-while books on Southern and Confederate history the following list will present some valuable offerings:

Messages and Papers of the Confederacy. Compiled by Hon. James D. Richardson.	Two volumes; cloth bound.....	\$7 00
Life of Gen. R. E. Lee. By Gen. A. L. Long.	Good copy; cloth.....	5 00
Life of Jefferson Davis. By Frank H. Alfriend.....	4 00	
Memorial Volume of Jefferson Davis. By Dr. J. William Jones.....	4 00	
Destruction and Reconstruction. By Gen. Richard Taylor.....	4 00	
Service Afloat During the War between the States. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. Good copy; original edition.....	7 50	
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Mosby's Rangers. By J. J. Williamson.....	4 00	
Women of the Confederacy. By Rev. J. L. Underwood.....	3 50	
Early Life and Letters of Stonewall Jackson. By T. J. Arnold.....	1 50	

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A. T. Ransone, of Hampton, Va., wishes to get all information possible on the part of the 9th Virginia Infantry, and particularly Company E, in the War between the States.

Mrs. Allan P. Adair, Paris, Ky., makes inquiry for the record of her grandfather, B. F. Denton, as a Confederate soldier. His home was in Kerr County, Tex., at time of enlistment, and thinks he served in the 36th Texas Infantry. He was known as Corporal Denton, and was under Price and Van Dorn; was wounded at the battle of Richmond, from which he never fully recovered.

Frank H. Covington, of Bennettsville, S. C., is anxious to get the war record of William Harrison Fisher, who was born at Roseboro, N. C., and is buried at Tolarsville. It is hoped that some comrade of the war can furnish this information.

G. W. Anderson, of Rochelle, Tex., writes in behalf of Mrs. Mary E. Grimes, a Confederate widow now ninety-seven years old, for whom he is trying to secure a pension. Her husband, James Alexander Grimes, joined Gano's Brigade, and after two years' service he was drowned in the Mississippi River. Any information will be highly appreciated.



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Miss Elizabeth Carithers, 524 Meigs Street, Athens, Ga., asks that any readers of the VETERAN who can give information on the service of Isaac Henry Mitchell, who went out from Newton County, Ga., in the 3rd Georgia Regiment, will kindly communicate with her in the interest of getting a pension for his widow. He was in Captain Lucky's Company, under Colonel Wright; was transferred to the 9th Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, and served four years in all. His widow lived in Madison County, Ga., but had not been able to get the papers properly certified.

Mrs. Powell Nolen, of 1804 Long Avenue, East Nashville, Tenn., would like to hear from any comrade of her father, J. W. L. Nevils, better known as Watt Nevils, who served in the 11th Tennessee Regiment. He was a Mason and an Odd Fellow. His wife still lives, also four children.

Miss Alice Rollins, 205 South Denton Street, Gainesville, Tex., wishes to communicate with anyone who can give information on the war record of her father, Richard Stowers Rollins (Dick Rollins), who enlisted from Pendleton County, Ky., and served with Morgan.

Mrs. E. A. Haesener, 816 Myrtle Street, Erie, Pa., daughter of a Confederate veteran, is interested in securing for a museum in California a Missouri or Tennessee Confederate button.

Col. W. A. Love, of Columbus, Miss., also has a number of copies of the VETERAN for sale at a reasonable price. Those needing to fill out volumes may find the missing numbers here.

Anyone having the Virginia volume of the Confederate Military History (Volume III) for sale will please communicate with Roy B. Cook, Charles-tou, W. Va.

Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., under act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance of mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, act of October 3, 1917, and authorized on July 5, 1918.

Published by the Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.



OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1927.

No. 2.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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GEN H. R. LEE, Nashville, Tenn.....*Adjutant General and Chief of Staff*
MRS. W. B. KERNAN, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La.

Assistant to the Adjutant General

GEN W. D. MATTHEWS, Oklahoma City, Okla.....*Chaplain General*

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GEN. JAMES A. THOMAS, Dublin, Ga.....*Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. K. M. VAN ZANDT, Fort Worth, Tex.....*Honorary Commander for Life*
GEN. W. B. FREEMAN, Richmond, Va.....*Honorary Commander for Life*
REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va.....*Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

LAST BUT ONE OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Gen. John McCausland, one of the last two brigadiers of the Confederate army, died at his home in Mason County, W. Va., on Sunday, January 23, 1927, in his ninetieth year.

A sketch will be give in March number.

OFFICIAL APPOINTMENTS, U. C. V.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2.

The General Commanding herewith announces appointment of his Official and Personal Staff for the term of his administration. All comrades will properly recognize these appointees.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Maj. Gen. Harry Rene Lee, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. W. B. Kernan, 7219 Elm Street, New Orleans, La., Assistant to the Adjutant General, in charge of New Orleans General Headquarters.

Assistant Adjutants General.

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Brig. Gen. Jack Hale, Blanchard, Okla.
Brig. Gen. W. W. Carnes, Bradenton, Fla.
Brig. Gen. John W. Clark, Atlanta, Ga.
Brig. Gen. J. S. Millikin, Millikin, La.
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Brig. Gen. E. S. Fagg, Cambria, Va.
Brig. Gen. George W. Ragan, Gastonia, N. C.
Brig. Gen. Clarence R. Hatton, New York, N. Y.
Brig. Gen. H. L. Bentley, Abilene, Tex.
Brig. Gen. William Edgeworth Muse, San Antonio, Tex.
Brig. Gen. J. R. Riley, Jr., Little Rock, Ark.
Brig. Gen. J. D. Stewart, Americus, Ga.
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Dr. F. H. May, Birmingham, Ala.

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Confederate Veteran.

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 George W. Sirrine, Greenville, S. C.
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 Col. William F. McClung, Hughart, W. Va.
 Col. John F. Jenkins, Natchez, Miss.
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 Col. J. A. Myers, Marietta, Okla.
 Col. C. H. Meng, Middletown, Ky.

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 Band Master, Official Band, Col. Dewey O. Wiley, Abilene, Tex.

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Confederate Veteran.

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Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

SACRED ANNIVERSARIES.

January 14.—Matthew Fontaine Maury.

January 19.—Gen. Robert E. Lee.

January 21.—Stonewall Jackson.

THE SPIRIT OF LEE.

Reports come of general observance throughout the South of the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, January 19—great as the military leader of Southern armies, but greater even as their leader in the acceptance of conditions after the fighting was done. It is apparent from these reports that writers and speakers are dwelling more and more upon that wonderful spirit which enabled him to accept the result of that unequal struggle without bitterness, the determination to redeem those four years of war with the greatest constructive accomplishment in peace, the wise counsel he gave, and the example he set his stricken people—the spirit which has more than all his military glory made him the idol of the South and the admiration of the outer world. As Lee the Christian, Lee the peacemaker, Lee the educator, his fame grows with the years.

Nine States of the South have made January 19 a legal holiday and his one hundred and twentieth anniversary was honored in Congress. On the 21st of January, a special tribute to Stonewall Jackson was delivered before the House of Representatives by Col. Charles M. Steadman, the only Confederate veteran in Congress.

In "The End of an Era," John S. Wise writes of General Lee:

"A few weeks ago I stood for the first time upon the steps of his beautiful Arlington. The Potomac of history and song rolled at my feet, and just across the river glittered a world city in its magnificence. As I gazed upon the panorama, with its cloud-capped shaft in honor of another, but not greater, patriot in the foreground, I saw not the enemy's graves scattered thick around me, I thought only of him whose matchless and immortal spirit so dominated the scene as to eclipse all else. Beyond the massive columns of the portico I looked up at the windows and wondered from which one he had oftenest looked out upon this fairest picture in all the land. Then my thoughts traveled to that quiet retreat, far away from his lordly Arlington, where, in supreme dignity and with a resignation little less than divine, he gave those last years to training the youth of his State, refusing the riches that England and his devoted South eagerly offered him. I turned away, sad at heart, and yet with a thrill of pride and exaltation in the majesty of the man who had counted this regal estate and the highest military honors of the other side as nothing when duty was in the balance."

"It is impossible to speak of General Lee without seeming to deal in hyperbole. Above the ordinary size, his proportions were perfect. His features are too well known to need description, but no representation of General Lee which I have ever seen properly conveys the light and softness of his eye, the tenderness and intellectuality of his mouth, or the indescribable refinement of his face. I have seen all the great men of our times, and have no hesitation in saying that Robert

2*

E. Lee was incomparably the greatest looking man I ever saw. Every man in his army believed that he was the greatest man alive. Their faith in him alone kept that army together during the last six months of its existence. Whatever greatness was accorded to him was not of his own seeking. He was less of an actor than any man I ever saw. But the impression made by his presence and by his leadership upon all who came in contact with him can be described by no other term than that of grandeur. When I have stood at evening and watched the great clouds banked in the west and tinged by evening sunlight; when on the Western plains I have looked at the peaks of the Rocky Mountains outlined against the sky; when, in mid ocean, I have seen the limitless waters encircling us, unbounded save by the infinite horizon—the grandeur, the vastness of these have invariably suggested thoughts of Gen. Robert E. Lee. . . . When he said that the career of the Confederacy was ended; that the hope of an independent government must be abandoned; that all had been done which mortals could accomplish against the power of overwhelming numbers and resources; and that the duty of the future was to render a new and cheerful allegiance to a reunited government—his utterances were accepted as true as Holy Writ. No other human being upon earth, no other earthly power, could have compelled such prompt acceptance of that final and irreversible judgment.

"Of General Lee's military greatness, absolute or relative, I shall not speak; of his moral greatness I need not. . . . The man who could so stamp his impress upon his nation, rendering all others insignificant beside him, and yet die without an enemy; the soldier who could make love for his person a substitute for pay and clothing and food, and could by the constraint of that love hold together a naked, starving band and transform it into a fighting army; the heart which, after the failure of its great endeavor, could break in silence and die without the utterance of one word of bitterness—such a man, such a soldier, such a heart must have been great indeed, great beyond the power of eulogy."

MOTORCADE FROM TAMPA.

A special invitation is extended through the VETERAN by the Chamber of Commerce of Palmetto, Fla., to all reunion visitors to be the guests of that city in a motor trip from Tampa into the Manatee section, where is located the historic old Gamble mansion and other points of interest. Palmetto is some forty miles south of Tampa, and that city is coöperating closely with Tampa in the effort to make this reunion notable for its entertainment of the veterans and other visitors at the time, and this motor trip will be an interesting close of that occasion. There will be plenty of cars furnished for all who will signify that they wish to take the trip, which will be from Tampa into the Manatee section and return. Send your name to R. S. Campbell, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Palmetto, Fla., as early as possible and have the reservation made.

CROSSES OF SERVICE.—Request comes from Mrs. R. P. Holt, Recorder of Crosses of Honor and of Service, to explain that, owing to her serious illness, many had to be disappointed in not getting the Crosses of Service for bestowal on January 19. This she regrets exceedingly, but it could not be helped. She will not be able to take up the work again before the middle of February.

Confederate Veteran.

THE LIGHTED TORCH.

[Address by Judge A. Farrel Chamblin, Commander of Camp Robert E. Lee, S. C. V., Chicago, Ill., at an entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Blankley, of the S. C. V. Camp, in honor of the U. D. C. Chapters of Chicago.]

Confederate Veterans, Sons and Daughters of the Confederate Veterans, friends and fellow citizens, brothers and sisters of a common tongue and of the blood of the Anglo-Saxon people: I greet you with sincerity and with a heart o'erflowing, striving to convey through the medium of words the pent-up love and faith in a cause that has been engraved upon that tablet which death nor time cannot efface—the conscience of living souls.

Our ancestors, unwilling to bow beneath the degrading power of tyranny, believing in the right of every man to pursue and enjoy life, liberty, and happiness, left the land of their fathers and journeyed o'er sea and land. They carved homes out of forests; tilled the soil; established commerce with foreign peoples and among themselves; they established schools to educate their children and the first university in America, Mary and William College. They had a glorious vision, and to the end of life labored to see that vision carried on.

Uniting with their brothers in the North, they threw off the yoke of a tyrant king and a blind government, the British Empire. Consider for a moment the trials of Washington and Marion; their struggle to unite thirteen States, widely separated geographically and having but one common thought, liberty or death. They gained liberty, although many a brave and fearless soul gave his all that his descendants and those of his fellow men might enjoy that liberty.

Time passed, and this youthful nation became a world power. Yet at the same time a separation came to pass within the boundaries of this republic. In the North, because of its rigorous climate, agriculture declined, while the manufacturing industry increased. In the South agriculture flourished beneath a kindly sun. Slavery passed from New England and the Northern States because economically it could not exist. No fanatical theory drove slavery from the North; cold survival of the fittest method of producing labor choked it out. No devastating war drove slavery from the North under the guise of noble desire; stern compulsion caused its atrophy.

It is a heartening fact that no Southern man and no Southern ship ever transported a single negro from his African home to America or any other shore. It must be remembered that only one nation in the world frowned upon, and in its Constitution forbade, the African slave trade, and that nation was the Confederate States of America. But when fanatics rave about a principle regardless of the results of their fanaticism; whether reformation reform or deform; whether a Christ be crucified, or witches burned; or rivers run red with the blood of brothers—beware the day and shun such maniacs as one shuns a leper.

We all know the cost, though we of the present generation little realize the agonies, the woes, the bitterness, and awful experiences of those who actually participated in the conflict.

The South stood up to a man for State Rights and the sanctity of the home and the supremacy of the white Anglo-Saxon race. The cause was lost by overwhelming numbers and at a fearful cost, but the sanctity of the home was defended even in the face of defeat.

Facing ruined homes, demolished plantations, and poverty beyond belief, these undaunted men and women took up the broken threads and wove a fabric that must endure until the

end of time. A people who gave to the world Washington, Marion, Andrew Jackson, Calhoun, Davis, the immortal Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Poe, Clay, Page, and Wilson; such a people survive fire, famine, flood, hatred, war, poverty—yes they triumph over death—and pass along through time to that bourne whence no traveler returns, victorious in defeat.

There is a crying need to-day for men and women of courage, of high resolve, to accomplish deeds as well as words; to act as well as think; men and women who will live their faiths, who will shine forth a beacon light in the storm of thoughtlessness. Men and women who each and every one can carry a harmonious message to their "Garcia." Men and women with a divine love for country, for liberty, and for their sacred homes.



JUDGE A. F. CHAMBLIN.

priceless heritage our fathers bestowed upon their sons, and which we, too, must bestow upon our children, the Constitution of our fathers. Our torch—the flaming torch of liberty, not a groveling subservience to fanatical theory, rather the freedom of the eagle, the unconquerable spirit of Washington.

To give the Constitution of our fathers the breath of life our immortal Washington gave his whole heart and his courage. To support that Constitution, Patrick Henry spoke those fiery words: "Give me liberty or give me death." Henry Clay stood aloft, a living flame of eloquence for State Rights. Jefferson Davis fought for those rights and was loyal to them to his death.

Veterans, Sons, and Daughters of the Confederate Veterans, to-night your ancestors behold you, their children, and must they see the sacrifice of State Rights, the sanctity of the home, the freedom of religious beliefs, for which they gave their glorious youth, their all; for which the immortal mothers gave flesh of their flesh, bone of their bone, blood of their blood upon the altar of liberty? Shall they have died and suffered in vain? Must their agonies, their griefs, their sacrifices go down in defeat?

To-night the souls of unnumbered and unnamed heroes and heroines look down upon us, and in the whispering breezes and again in the deep silence of the night, do we not hear a message? Could you look the immortal Robert E. Lee in the eye and grasp his hand without a quiver? What would you say to that champion of the Constitution of our fathers, John C. Calhoun? Would Francis Marion be proud of your patriotism? Could Thomas Jefferson read the present Constitution with unclouded eyes? What message would Jefferson Davis give to your eager ears? Stonewall Jackson, I fear, would blush with shame to see his fellow men in such bondage.

We, the living endowment of our noble ancestors, have a duty to fulfill, a labor to perform. The Anglo-Saxon blood of the South has ever stood for right against might since history began, and that group of Anglo-Saxons, wherever they may dwell, be it east, west, north, or south, must continue to so stand, firm as the granite hills of their native land, resolved that government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth.

My comrades, pause for a moment and in your mind's eye visualize that host of known and unknown dead whose souls are journeying from Elysian fields to sanctify our banquet hall to-night—shall they behold their glorious sacrifice lost in vain, that only in memory's echoing vaults shall dwell freedom, honor, sacred home?

From the Valley of Virginia, from the levels of Henrico and Hanover, from the slopes of Manassas, from the swamps of Port Hudson, from the woods of Chancellorsville, from the heights of Fredericksburg, from Antietam and Gettysburg, from the Spotsylvania wilderness, and from unnumbered unmarked graves, a silent host assembles to impress us that soon we, too, will be among their number; that we must bear their burden and so live that we may dwell in the land of our fathers with liberty, with a common faith, and with a holy love until the end of time.

Souls of our fathers, gathered 'round,
Winging in Honor's brilliant light,
Speak! Break the silence with a sound;
Grant us a message here to-night.

Shades of the immortal Past!
Wherein uncounted heroes dwell;
Withdraw the curtain 'round you cast
By Time and Death's unfathomed spell.

Speak once again, Brave Washington!
Admonish us that we may see
That trust and righteousness be done;
Advise us, O Immortal Lee,

Grant us an audience divine
From our immortals now with thee;
That wisdom from their lips sublime
May guide us through eternity.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW.

(A new book on "The American Civil War," by David Knowles. Oxford University Press. Reviewed by Matthew Page Andrews, Historian.)

During the past few years the English people have shown a marked increase of interest in American history. Mr. Francis W. Hirst, a distinguished British economist, has brought out the most interesting and valuable single volume biography of Thomas Jefferson produced in either country. He has risen above prejudices, preconceptions, and especially the basic errors as to cause and effect which are all too common in the histories and biographies of Jefferson's own country.

It is unfortunate that David Knowles, in his book on "The American Civil War," has failed to rise above the obstacles scaled by Mr. Hirst. Although working in a different field, he encounters the same partisan misunderstandings; but his vision is too often on a level with them rather than

above them. For example, he fails to grasp the all-important fact that the fundamental points at issue between the warring sections were economic and political rather than moral. He has, not unnaturally, lost himself in the mists of *emotional befuddlement* that have obscured the treatment of the subject. His unfortunate assumption of the preëminence of the moral motive leads him into constant error throughout his first two chapters. Unconsciously, he has to twist his facts to suit his primal preconception; or perhaps it would be better to say he doesn't get at sufficient facts to offset a false conception that is almost universal in American historical exposition.

Error begins with the first pages, in which he asserts, with assurance, that, from the beginning, the South promoted the aristocratic theory of government, while the North promoted the democratic one. There is, of course, *some* color for this statement; but it is a half-truth, and a half-truth is more dangerous than a whole fabrication. For instance, we have Jefferson, Madison, Mason, and Monroe as the leading architects of the democratic principle—all products of the South. On the other hand, we have the New England theocratic principle, which prevailed for many years after the founding of the Puritan colony; following which we have, from out of the North, the Federalist-Hamiltonian aristocratic principle of birth and wealth—Winthrop's government by the few—until the wave of Southern democracy swept the Middle States and New England into an almost unanimous acceptance of a new order. The beneficent effects for the whole country of this peaceful *invasion and capture of the North* lasted until the "direct action" Renaissance of Federal interference with State sovereignty broke out afresh in New England, greatly to the dismay of her less emotional and more intelligent citizens; for there followed an *invasion of the South by force of arms*—regardless of how much both sides were to blame for the conflict.

When Mr. Knowles attempts to say something pleasant about the Southern end of the controversy, he seems to feel that an immediate explanation or apology is due! It is, therefore, diverting to read the following (italics inserted): "It," the social and political order of the South, "had undoubtedly many grave faults, *but it is dead now.*" Whereupon one almost seems to look for a literal adherence to the benevolent maxim: "Nothing but good should be spoken of the dead." But no, the good or much of it, is buried with their bones; and the evil lives after them; in fact, Mr. Knowles seems to think the South "has left no impress upon the nation"—and yet the morning's mail brought the writer a notice by a nationally minded Northern writer that the republic needs to "keep alive the traditions and ideals of the South as never before"; and a society has been formed in Boston to renew interest in the fundamental principles especially stressed by representative Southern statesmen, which principles, because of false interpretation, seem "sad" or even "wrong" to Mr. Knowles. There should be nothing sectional or partisan in the treatment of this period. History should be written impartially, and it seems fair to ask that the Southern viewpoints should be accorded equal respect with those of their Northern brethren. "Both sides were right," wrote Charles Francis Adams; and he added that, had Massachusetts been invaded as Virginia was, he hoped he would have had the courage and character to take the stand of Robert E. Lee.

The ideals and principles of local self-government established by Jefferson Mr. Knowles seems to attribute to John C. Calhoun, whom he calls the evil genius of the South. Again, when the author says that the lower class of Southern whites "were treated with a contempt as great as that of the

old French *noblesse* for the peasant," he indulges in unpardonable exaggeration. He should read Jefferson's remarks on this very subject. Mr. Knowles labors under the impression that the Southerners were "unintellectual," whereas these same "unintellectuals" were those who made the Union possible and directed the expansion of the republic. His references to Governor Berkeley and his opposition to education apply to one of English birth. Berkeley's contemporary and antagonist, Nathaniel Bacon, a Virginian and a rebel against Berkeley's tyranny, would have served as a better example of the Virginia viewpoint.

Not unnaturally, considering the partisan material upon which his story is based, the writer says that "the first steam-boat, the first [steam] railroad, and the first telegraph appeared in the North." As a matter of fact, all these things appeared first below the Mason and Dixon Line; and, of the three, only the telegraph may be considered of Northern origin. If Eli Whitney gave to the South the cotton gin, Cyrus McCormick gave to the Northern wheat fields the reaper. These and numerous other Southern inventions, with the discovery of anesthesia, do not fit in with the broad generalization in regard to the Southern people which Mr. Knowles characterizes as "their very slowness of reflection." The South produced the Humboldt of the Western World—perhaps the greatest scientist of America, who saved British as well as American commerce untold millions of pounds and dollars. In the books available to Mr. Knowles this notable name may be scarcely mentioned, if at all; and the writer recalls Julian Street's astonishment over his "discovery" of this man when on his tour of the South for *Collier's Weekly*. One is reminded of H. G. Wells's statement that "George Washington was indolent." Here, Mr. Wells, in attempting to compress the alleged characteristics of Southern character, makes out a terrible arraignment of the British generals, who, with superior forces, were not sufficiently active to capture this "indolent" Virginian!

In spite of all this, there is no doubt that Mr. Knowles desires to be fair, and thinks he is. He has seen some things not generally disclosed in the sources he quotes or his brief digest of war events (223 pages), but he has consulted one source rather than two sources on a two-sided subject. Mr. Knowles affirms that, "when the Constitution was framed, slavery had been tacitly [why 'tacitly'?] accepted, but already New England had fallen foul of the delegates from the South on a proposal to forbid the slave trade." If this sentence means what it says, Mr. Knowles could not more completely "have fallen foul of" the truth. As a matter of fact, all the New England delegates, in association with but *some* of the Southern delegates (the rest being strongly against it), favored the continuance of the slave trade! The author gives no intimation that the slave trade was conducted by English vessels or by vessels from New England and the upper Middle States, and it appears to have been established by Arthur H. Jennings that not a single Southern ship ever engaged in the slave trade.

Again, depending upon false sources for his information, Mr. Knowles gives the impression that the South was provincial while the North was always national. Perhaps the reverse is the truth in regard to the history of the Union—until the time when an element in the North sought to override the Constitution to the detriment of Southern rights, a statement vouched for by Northern men, including Abraham Lincoln. From 1793 to 1860, most of the secession talk originated in the North, some of it in the midst of the second war with Great Britain, and three-fourths of the successful nullification proceedings of the pre-war period.

Mr. Knowles does not at all understand—and the errors of omission in American history are responsible for his mistake—that in opposing slavery in the Northwest, the citizens of that section were not emotionally excited over the "moral issue." They had exactly the same idea as the Californians of our own day in excluding the Asiatics. In ante-bellum days these men of the Northwest opposed slavery in the territories because they opposed the introduction of an alien race; and they did not care whether the negroes were slaves or freemen. They made laws in the States of the Northwest with a view to excluding the free negroes. Mr. Knowles, again misled by his sources, bases the protest on humanitarian grounds.

Nowhere does Mr. Knowles realize that the indirect taxation imposed by the Federal government upon the agricultural South was many times more burdensome than anything proposed to the detriment of the American colonies by the British king or Parliament. The influence of the fiction which has been mistaken for history is apparent when Mr. Knowles speaks of "the breeding of slaves for death, or shame, the lash, the bloodhound, and the branding iron," etc. The reference to "the bloodhound" would be funny if the principal sentimental episode of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were not so tragically misleading to millions of good people. It is possible that there were three bloodhounds in the entire South during the pre-war period, and possibly none of these three were used for the tracking of runaway slaves! Yet one writer in so reputable an organ as the *Century* told of the killing of scores of these terrible criminals on the plantation of Jefferson Davis—when Davis, for some reason best known to himself, objected to having any dogs on his place at all!

Our author is under the false impression that the mid-century English economic system had not begun in the North; yet the factory régime prior to the opening of the war was vastly more arduous than the conditions under which the negroes lived on Southern plantations—and the whites of the factory system were representatives of races developed by hundreds of years of civilization, whereas the negroes were representatives of a race which had then in their native land no development beyond that of savagery or even cannibalism.

Mr. Knowles admires Abraham Lincoln above all men and simultaneously admires the ideas of the abolitionists; but, unfortunately, he does not know that he cannot admire both at the same time for the same thing. Lincoln disliked the abolitionists; and that element was about the only element in American life which he openly denounced in unmeasured terms. In fact, in 1852, he spoke of the abolitionists as deserving the just "execration" of all patriotic citizens; and "execration" was a strong word in Lincoln's vocabulary, for he was cautious in his public statements. Of course, this denunciation did not include *emancipationists*, North or South. The abolitionists (referred to by Lincoln) defied the Constitution and the laws and labored for disunion. During the war, Wendell Phillips said he had worked "for thirty years for the dissolution of the Union." In clinging to his theory that the war was fought by the North on a moral basis, Mr. Knowles ignores President Lincoln's repeated protestations of noninterference with slavery where it existed; and that he declared the Emancipation Proclamation was a war measure. In addition, Mr. Knowles probably had no opportunity of discovering that the War President approved of the original form of the Thirteenth Amendment, which would have made it impossible to interfere with slavery in the South. Additional errors of omission in American history.

Mr. Knowles is generous in his praise of Robert E. Lee;

both as man and soldier, and he does not fall into the mistake made by General Sir Frederick Maurice, in his recent very admirable appreciation of Lee, the soldier, when he pictured Lee as spending the remainder of his days regretting the part he played in the War of Secession! Which cannot by any means be reconciled with Lee's own statement that, "we had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor."

Instead of this error, however, Mr. Knowles falls into that of repeating the story about Lee telling of the Puritan legislator and his devotion to duty, in regard to which it has been shown that there is no basis other than the lively imagination of a newspaper reporter.

However, one would like to say good things about this book despite the fact that one feels sorry that the well-intentioned author has fallen upon misleading sources for his material; for it is intended to be a condensation of the war story, presumably for the benefit of English people. Consequently, it is a pleasure to state that in the matter of the military campaigns, Mr. Knowles has done excellent work. This is his forte, even though he admits he is a layman on the subject. It is most unfortunate that he should be so misled as to cause and effect, with the likelihood of misleading his fellow countrymen and others who will naturally turn to a small volume, such as this one, to get a bird's-eye view of the great American conflict.



DOWN IN GEORGIA.

T. E. Etheridge, Adjutant of South Georgia Camp, No. 819 U. C. V., of Waycross, Ga., is here shown with his young friend, Miss Alexandria Morrison, also of Waycross, who was one of the pages to the President General during the Richmond Convention, U. D. C. Comrade Etheridge served a little over three years in the Confederate army, Company I, 57th Georgia Regiment; was wounded three times—at Vicksburg, at Kenesaw Mountain, and at Decatur, Ga.; stacked arms at Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865.

SURGEONS OF THE CONFEDERACY: STEPHEN HARRIS RUSHING.

CONTRIBUTED BY HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. FRED W. BRADT, HISTORIAN LOUISIANA DIVISION, U. D. C.

One of those who served with the Medical Department of the Confederate army, which service has not had adequate recognition by the writers of our Confederate history, was my father, Stephen Harris Rushing, of Louisiana. He was born October 26, 1830, in Wadesboro, Anson County, N. C., and came of a family of wealth and influence. His father, Col. James Madison Rushing, was colonel of militia organized to keep down Indian raids. His parents removing to Belmont, in Sumter County, Ala., in 1832, in that State he grew up, finishing his college course at Green Springs College and then attending the University of Pennsylvania, where he received his diploma in medicine in 1853. He returned to Alabama and practiced for several years, then, in 1856, he located at Evergreen, Avoyelles Parish, La. In 1857 he was married to Miss Flovilla J. Duvall, a descendant of prominent old families of Maryland and Louisiana, and they reared a family of three daughters.

Dr. Rushing came of good old fighting lineage, for his ancestors fought under Sumter and Marion in the Carolinas, so when war came on in 1861 he joined the Evergreen Invincibles, which was Company H, of the 16th Louisiana Infantry. At Corinth, Miss., he took his medical examination and was sent to the Army of Tennessee as surgeon on the staff of General Finley, Bate's Division. He was field surgeon for the entire four years with the exception of the time he served as post surgeon at Rome, Ga.

It was while he was stationed at Rome that my mother went down to be with him. She and a party of friends had many frightful experiences and narrow escapes on this hazardous trip, traveling by hack, on horseback, or on foot, and part of the way on flat cars. She crossed the Mississippi River at night so near the Yankee gunboats that at times the oars could not be used. The last lap of the journey was made in a box car, but the party was happy to get any mode of conveyance. At last she reached Rome, when she found that Dr. Rushing was out dining with General Forrest and staff. But he soon came in, happy to welcome her; twelve months had passed since they last met. She had a pleasant stay in Rome, and the time came all too soon when Dr. Rushing was ordered back to the field. He was in the battles of Chickamauga, Atlanta, and others in which the Army of Tennessee had a part, and was paroled at Meridian, Miss., in 1865. He then returned to Evergreen, there to begin again to build a home from the ashes of the beautiful past.

In 1882, Dr. Rushing removed to Alexandria, La., where he built up a large and lucrative practice, and for many years he was surgeon for the Texas and Pacific and the Missouri Pacific Railroads, serving at Coronor the last four years of his active life. He was a Mason, a member of the Episcopal Church, and a member of the Jeff Davis Camp, U. C. V. His life was long and useful, filled with kindness and charity, and many there are who were blessed by his tender ministrations. After months of ill health, he passed away on a beautiful, bright morning, April 20, 1905, and he and his loved companion of so many years rest side by side in beautiful Mt. Olivet Cemetery at Alexandria. Treasures left to their children and grandchildren are our mother's reminiscences of 1861-65, which tell of courage and devotion and loyalty of men and women of the Old South, and a picture of my soldier father in his Confederate gray.

Confederate Veteran.

COLD STEEL FOR THE YANKS.

BY RICHARD D. STEUART, BALTIMORE, MD.

In previous articles in the VETERAN the writer has tried to shed some light on the weapons used by the men who fought and died for Dixie. These articles have told of the shoulder arms—muskets, rifles, and carbines; the hand weapons—pistols and revolvers, swords and knives, and of the Confederate armories. In the following article the aim is to tell something about the pikes and lances of the Confederacy, with a brief mention of the bayonets, for the bayonet of an army musket is evolved from the ancient pike.

Turn back the pages of history and you will read that the favorite weapon of the rebel and revolutionist is the pike. In the absence of other and more deadly weapons, it is the popular arm of a public uprising. It is a crude but formidable weapon in hand-to-hand fighting, which accounts for its popularity.

It may surprise some students of war history to learn that thousands of pikes were made to arm Confederate infantrymen, and that cavalry lances were used in battle by both sides.

No article on pikes of the War between the States would be complete without some reference to those made for the John Brown raid, because that was a prelude to the sectional conflict.

The John Brown pikes were made by Charles Blair, of Collinsville, Conn., and C. Hart, of Unionville, Conn. Blair made one thousand, and Hart is said to have contracted for ten thousand at twenty-six cents each. They were lighter than the usual pike, and had slender, wide blades. When Lee captured the John Brown "fort" at Harper's Ferry in 1859, he took possession of four hundred and eighty-three of these pikes. Others were found in boxes on the Maryland side of the river. Some of these are said to have been issued to Virginia recruits in the early days of the war.

In the early part of the war, before the arms purchased in Europe began to come through the blockade, and before the captured weapons reached any appreciable amount, the Confederate authorities were unable to arm the great number of volunteers. They even went so far as to refuse to receive volunteers unless a man brought his own gun. In this emergency the government fell back upon pikes.

In February, 1862, resolutions were presented in the Confederate Congress instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to inquire into the propriety of arming troops with pikes, lances, or spears. Another set of resolutions provided for twenty regiments of pikemen. Finally, in April, Congress passed an act "to provide for keeping all firearms in the armies of the Confederate States in the hands of effective men." It provided that two companies of each regiment should be armed with pikes. It was signed by President Davis, April 10.

This action of Congress had the approval of the military leaders. General Lee wrote to Colonel Gorgas, Chief of Ordnance, April 9, 1862, that "one thousand pikes should be sent to General Jackson, if practicable."

General Jackson wrote to Col. S. B. French, March 4, 31, 1862: "Let us have a substitute so as to make the arm six inches longer than the musket with bayonet fixed."

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, in a letter to Adjutant General Cooper, February 9, 1862, discussing the shortage of firearms for cavalry, suggests "equipping a large body of lancers. These weapons can be furnished easily and soon would be formidable, much more so than sabers, in the hands of new troops, especially against the enemy's numerous artillery. The shafts should be about ten feet long and the heads seven or eight inches. Those furnished to us are, many of them, of

heavy wood and too short, the heads too thin and unnecessarily broad. Ash is the best wood."

General Gorgas, writing in the Southern Historical Papers, said: "In the winter of 1861-62, while McClellan was preparing his great army near Alexandria, we resorted to the making of pikes for the infantry and lances for the cavalry. Many thousand of the former were made at various arsenals, but were little used."

Gen. John B. Magruder, said: "I recommend the arming of cavalry with lances and shotguns."

The newspapers also approved the plan. The *Richmond Daily Examiner* of April 5, 1862, contained a lengthy article urging the concentration of lancers and pikemen and the provision of a special drill for them. But the plan did not meet with the approval of the soldiers. In many instances the issuance of pikes to volunteers almost caused open mutiny. In other cases the men quickly "lost" the cumbersome weapons.

While many regiments in training camps and coast defenses were armed with pikes, diligent search of the records reveals only one instance in which infantry pikes were actually carried by troops at the front. It is recorded that DeGournay's Heavy Artillery was armed with pikes during the seven days' battles around Richmond. However, in the hard-fought battle of Valverde, N. Mex., in February, 1862, Texas cavalry armed with lances charged on foot in the face of a deadly artillery and small-arms fire and captured the McRae Battery. Colonel Slayback's regiment, of Shelby's Division, was armed with lances in Texas in 1865.

The *Lynchburg (Va.) Republican*, of January, 1861, said the county court has ordered the fabrication of four or five hundred lances for home defense.

It is a fact of more than passing interest that the first pikes made for defense of the South were manufactured in Baltimore. After the bloody riot of the 19th of April, 1861, when the 6th Massachusetts Regiment was mobbed in Baltimore on its way to Washington, the city ordered pikes made at the Winans Locomotive Works in South Baltimore for defense against "Northern invaders." The order was filled with a rush, because by April 26, it is said, two thousand were ready and were removed to the City Hall. Later they were removed to the warehouse of John S. Gittings, Gay and Second Streets.

When General Butler took possession of the city he demanded that the pikes be turned over to him. Police Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, refused to give up the pikes without an order from the mayor, so on May 14, Colonel Hare, with a detachment of a New York regiment, surrounded the warehouse and carried off 3,500 pikes and 2,900 old muskets belonging to the city authorities.

The Winans pikes, often called Marshal Kane pikes, were heavy weapons, with short, thick staffs, and hand-forged blades. The latter were very crude and hardly any two of them were shaped exactly alike.

Apparently, Georgia took the lead of Southern States in the manufacture of pikes. Shortly after the fall of Fort Donelson, Governor "Joe" Brown, of Georgia issued a proclamation to the mechanics of the State asking them to make pikes to arm the troops, and announcing that patterns could be had at the Ordnance Office at Milledgeville. On March 12, 1862, Major McIntosh, Chief of Ordnance, announced that he would pay \$5 for every pike accepted, the shaft to be of white oak, ash, or hickory, and the head of well-tempered steel.

Peter Brown, master armorer, was designated to inspect all pikes. Records show that from March 18, 1862, to April 26, 7,099 pikes were accepted and paid for. The largest manufacturers were J. D. Gray, Samuel Griswold, William J. McElroy & Co., John Esper, and D. B. Woodruff.

At the request of President Davis, 1,200 of these pikes were sent to arm troops concentrated at Chattanooga. Pikes were issued to the 31st Georgia Infantry and almost caused a revolt. About 5,000 Georgia-made pikes were stored at Millidgeville and destroyed when the Federals captured the place November 22, 1864. Others were stored in the arsenal at Augusta and captured at the close of the war. Many years after the war, the Augusta pikes were sold at public auction and found their way into various museums and private collections.

Alabama early took steps to arm her troops with pikes. The legislature in 1861 appropriated \$6,000 to purchase from Alexander McKinstry 1,000 pikes and 1,000 Bowie knives to arm the 48th Regiment of Alabama Militia. A large number of pikes were destroyed by the Federal force which wrecked the Confederate plants at Tallassee near the close of the war.

The Mississippi legislature, by an act passed at the session of 1862-63, provided for the payment of \$750 to Read & Dickson for 300 lances.

In North Carolina, Governor Clark wrote, June 6, 1861: "Colonel Estvan, at Wilmington, proposes to instruct a company in the use of the lance, which he recommends as a very effective weapon, and says a company or regiment armed with it becomes a most formidable corps. In the great scarcity of arms of every description, I am willing to arm a company with the lance which Colonel Estvan proposes to instruct and drill."

Estvan had a sword factory at Wilmington. He was a Hungarian who left the South early in the war, went to New York, and wrote a scurrilous book about the Southern leaders. As a historian, he ranks with Baron Munchausen.

Early in 1862, Gen. S. B. French wrote to Governor Clark for 700 muskets for Fort Fisher. The Governor answered that he had no muskets, but would send pikes. In the State museum at Raleigh are a number of pikes of native manufacture.

General Beauregard reported, July 23, 1863, that there were 3,000 pikes or lances in Charleston Arsenal. When the Federals captured Knoxville, Tenn., they reported the capture of 2,000 pikes at the arsenal. These excerpts from the records show that many thousands of pikes were manufactured throughout the Confederacy.

The pikes made in the South were of great variety and sizes. Most of the Georgia pikes were strong, simple weapons, with a seven-foot staff and a twelve-inch double-edged blade about two inches wide at the base with a narrow hilt. Some of them were decorated with the letters "C. S. A." and eleven stars. Very few bore the name of the maker.

Another popular form has, in addition to the straight blade, a curved hook or bridle cutter, as it was known in the days of chivalry. With the hook the pikeman was supposed to cut the bridle of a mounted man's horse and drag the rider from his steed. Very simple in theory, but rather difficult when the cavalryman was armed with carbine or pistol.

Col. William Preston Johnston, in his life of his father, Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, says: "At Bowling Green a distinguished Tennessee politician called on General Johnston and requested him to make a contract with parties in Nashville for the manufacture of spears, with a bill hook or sickle attached to the head, with which foot soldiers could attack cavalry, the sickle to be used in cutting the bridle reins and pulling the troopers from their horses. General Johnston asked what the troopers would be doing with their pistols while the spearmen were trying to cut the bridle reins."

The *Richmond Examiner* of August 10, 1862, says: "It is proposed to arm some companies with the Polish scythe, a scythe fastened to the end of an eight- or nine-foot staff."

The same newspaper of June 10, 1861, says: "Major Baugh, of Memphis, Tenn., has had sixty-four Irish pikes made there for a company just organized. They are about ten feet long, with a bayonet head for thrusting and a hook for cutting."

And on January 3, 1862, the *Examiner* says: "Capt. Franz Reuter, of the Louisiana *Staats Zeitung*, has invented a new pike and has sent a model to Gen. M. Grivot. It is a scythe blade fixed on a ten-foot pole, which is sheathed in iron. At the base of the blade is a strong, sharp hook. The idea is to draw in and spear later."

Evidently the *Examiner* editor had some doubt about the effectiveness of the pike.

On January 28, 1862, the *Examiner* says: "The coast guard regiments will be armed with Alabama pikes manufactured under an appropriation of the State legislature. This weapon has a keen, two-edged steel head like a Bowie knife near eighteen inches long, with a sickle-like hook, very sharp, bending back from near the socket."

Some of these pikes with the hooks attached had the heads made of one piece of metal. Others had the straight blade in one piece and the hook in another.

Still a third pattern had a head like a three-leaf clover. There was a leaf-shaped center blade, about ten inches long, and two smaller blades about four inches long. Each of these blades was double-edged. This seems to have been a Georgia type.

But the most curious of all was an "automatic" pike. One newspaper describes it in this manner: "Among these is a pike invented by Rev. Dr. Graves, a Methodist preacher from Vermont. The eighteen-inch blade is sheathed in the end of the pole and shoots out when a spring is touched."

General Gorgas, in the Southern Historical Papers, writes: "I remember a formidable weapon which was invented at that time in the shape of a stout wooden sheath, containing a two-edged straight sword some two feet long. The sheath, or truncheon, could be leveled and the sword liberated from the compression of a strong spring by touching a trigger, when it leaped out with sufficient force to transfix an opponent."

A similar weapon had a collapsible blade, fourteen inches long, which could be pushed back into the pole when not in use. When the blade was bared for use it was held in place by a catch.

The lances used in the South were usually of one kind. There was a long, slender staff of ash, brass mounted, with a thin spear head of iron, with hilt. As a rule, there was a small pennant of the Stars and Bars. The heads were so thin that they were easily bent or broken. The lances used by the Texas cavalry are said to have been of stouter build and more serviceable.

BAYONETS.

The bayonets used in the Confederate armies were much the same as those used in the Federal armies. These were the ordinary, triangular bayonet, with socket, for the long musket, rifled and smooth bore, and the various types of sword bayonets such as were used on the 1855 model short rifle made at Harper's Ferry. The short Enfield rifle, large numbers of which were imported from England by the South, had a saber bayonet with a blade shaped like a yataghan.

The *Richmond Examiner* of July 2, 1861, announced the proposals for the manufacture of 3,000 saber bayonets, Harper's Ferry pattern, would be opened July 4. The rifles made at Fayetteville, N. C., and some of those made by Cook & Brother at Athens, Ga., had saber bayonets. The commandant of the Selma (Ala.) Arsenal reported April 11, 1863, that machinery for making bayonets had been completed.

Adjutant General Cooper issued an order, dated January

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14, 1864, directing that the manufacture of sword bayonets be discontinued.

In the early part of the war bayonets were not popular with the Southern volunteers. Members of the old militia organization had been trained in the manual of the bayonet and appreciated its value, but to the average soldier, especially if he were from the rural sections, the bayonet was simply a "bit of tomfoolery" designed to add to his burden on the march, and he managed to lose it as soon as possible.

On February 1, 1864, Gen. J. E. Johnston reported that more than half his infantry were without bayonets. By that time, however, the Confederates had learned how to use and appreciate them.

There was one type of bayonet used in the South which probably was distinctive. That was the sword bayonet, with a basket hilt and blade like a navy cutlass. It was of English manufacture and made for the short Enfield navy rifle. They were purchased for the Alabama and other Confederate cruisers. It is also said that two companies of the 21st Mississippi Regiment were armed with Marine Enfields with cutlass bayonets in 1861. The long sword bayonet imported for the North Carolina Rifles, made by Mendenhall, James Gardner, with their twenty-six-inch double-edged blade, is also distinctive in character.

EVELINA—LAST OF THE OLD VIRGINIA SLAVES.

BY CASSIE LYNE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

There recently passed away at the home of her "white folks" in the city of Washington, D. C., a character that was known throughout Virginia as "Evelina," a little black negro woman, who loved her mistress more than freedom. Her life was the highest testimonial to the great friendship existing between the slaves and their owners. A clergyman from Pennsylvania, after reading over her remains the beautiful rites of the Episcopal Church, exclaimed: "I feel that I have missed a great deal in my life not to have had a faithful negro mammy." Another commentary came from an Englishman who witnessed her burial, one of whose family was a member of Parliament, who declared: "We have nothing like this, and never heard of it on the other side."

Evelina never accepted *emancipation*, for she was happy in her environment and jealous of her caste, holding herself far above the "free niggers," with whom she seldom associated. Once an insurance agent approached her and urged that, as old age was rapidly advancing, she should take out a burial policy; but she scouted the idea, saying: "I don't need nothing like dat, for I belongs to de Miss Moncures of Virginia."

These ladies were daughters of her former mistress, Mrs. Georgia Bankhead Moncure, of famous old Somerset in the county of Stafford, which suffered constant depredations in the years of war. Burnside's army camped on this plantation, and one day, Evelina then a girl, appeared before her mistress, weeping, and asked: "What's gwine break de dawn if de Yankees keep on stealing all our roosters?"

Somerset is one of the historic homes of the Old Dominion, dating back to Colonial days, when the worthy Parson Moncure, to save the lives of his slaves from the malaria of the marshes, left his Clermont estate on the Potomac and built here his summer seat, which was in time contracted into Somerset.

This worthy Scotch dominie had been ordained by the Lord Bishop of London, and his wife was a daughter of Dr. Gustavus Brown, of Dalkeith, Scotland, whose Maryland descendants numbered, among other distinguished men, Francis Scott Key,

author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Parson Moncure was brother-in-law to Governor Stone, one of Maryland's signers of the Declaration of Independence. His old Church, Aquia, is one of the stateliest edifices in Virginia, with square pews, a high sounding board, and special seats for bishop, priest, and clerk. While beneath the communion table of white marble is the Moncure family vault, where the good parson rests with his spouse, having left his children to the custody of his wife's first cousin, George Mason, author of the Bill of Rights. One of his daughters married Governor Wood, the founder of Winchester, Va., who presided at the trial of Aaron Burr; and another daughter wedded Mr. Robinson, and became the mother of Moncure Robinson, of Philadelphia, who was considered the greatest civil engineer America ever produced, having built the Pennsylvania Railroad; while his brothers, Conway and Edwin, rose high in compiling the laws of Virginia. Their sister was Mrs. Barton Haxall, whose youngest daughter married Gen. Robert E. Lee's son, Capt. R. E. Lee. All these Moncure descendants had been baptized at Aquia Church and had partaken of communion from the famous Colonial silver service which has been buried in three wars. Old Aquia is endowed, thanks to the Robinson generosity, the custodians of this fund being Mr. Barton Haxall Cameron, and Mr. James Ashby Moncure, of Richmond, so that it is in an excellent state of preservation, though the old historic walls still show where the Yankee soldiers wrote their names when they camped there in the sixties. When Evelina, the little negro girl, became terribly afraid lest she be forced to leave her friends to journey North, where already most of the darkies had gone, far from the hills of old Stafford, Mrs. Moncure told her she had better go, for she might become separated from her kin; but Somerset meant to her "home, sweet home."

When Evelina was a little girl, John Moncure IV, who was a grandson of the old parson, was still alive, a venerable old

gentleman of the ante-bellum days, whose reputation for justness, benevolence, and kindness was so great that three separate estates of negroes were left him by their own request. These darkies dreaded being sent to Liberia, and as a free negro had no property rights then in Virginia, all felt they would be better and safer at the quarters for the servants at Somerset than under any other provision. Mr. Moncure's brothers shared his reputation in their communities, one



EVELINA—FAITHFUL SERVANT

being Chief Justice Richard Cassius Lee Moncure, of Glencairn, for thirty-five years president of the Virginia Supreme Court; the other was Hon. William A. Moncure, of Ellerslie, who was

auditor of the State when Gov. Henry Wise hung John Brown.

In a "Book of Personal Property," Evelina's value is set down as being \$500 when four years of age, but, as she lived to be over ninety, her worth compounded with the passing of



COLONIAL AQUIA CHURCH NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

the years, so that no estimate could be placed on her except in the equivalent which her mistress's children manifested in the great respect and care shown her in her declining years. She lacked for no comforts, but had every luxury that could be bestowed. When she died, the Daughters of the Confederacy sent a beautiful memorial of flowers from Fredericksburg, Va., and the aristocracy of the State followed the humble slave's casket to the Moncure graveyard, where bowed heads showed the reverence due to her life of selfless love in ministering to the comfort of all she knew. Her heart had been torn with grief a few years ago when Rev. John Moncure V, the archdeacon of Philadelphia, was drowned in attempting to rescue a negro man from drowning, a convict whom Dr. Moncure had known when he was city missionary of Richmond, Va. So noble was this sacrifice and yet so natural and consistent with Dr. Moncure's life, that the Scottish Rite Masons (Thirty-Third degree) have perpetuated his name in the John Moncure Lodge of Norfolk, Va., and a Boys' Lodge in Richmond is called for him.

When the war began in 1861, Evelina's brother early went off with Burnside's army and later became General Grant's body servant; so Evelina became very fearful lest he return to Stafford and force freedom upon her. She then and there severed all dealings with the colored race and clung to the Moncure family. She felt there were no people in the world like those she loved and served. Many of the famous figures in that mighty drama were personally known to her, for Mrs. Georgie Bankhead Moncure was nearly related to Gen. Bankhead Magruder.

On the adjoining plantation lived Mrs. Mary Ashby Moncure, whose brothers were the immortal Gen. Turner Ashby and Capt. Dick Ashby, who sleep in the same grave at Winchester. Mrs. Georgie Bankhead Moncure's sister Nora had married Maj. Henry Lee, a brother of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and, accompanying her mistress, Evelina used to visit at Ravensworth, where Major Lee then lived, though this place later passed to the children of Gen. Rooney Lee and is now owned by Dr. Bolling Lee, of New York. The Moncures and Lees were closely related, their grandmother being Anne Lee, of

Ditchley, the sister of Richard Henry Lee, the signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The young Moncure men, whose fathers Evelina had nursed, bore her flower-covered casket with tender reverence to the grave for the little old slave at her mistress's feet, beneath the pines. Many negroes had gone through curiosity to view her remains when she lay in the Somerset parlor, beneath the portrait of the lovely Dorothea (which once hung in the governor's mansion at Williamsburg), who was Mrs. Moncure's ancestor, the sister of Lord Spottswood's wife, who had been a lady in waiting to Queen Anne. Strange contrast this, the little black negro woman, who looked so black against her white-lined coffin, and this Colonial belle (who eloped with the dashing Raleigh Minor) smiling, in her court satin, down on the humble servitor of her descendants in those cruel days of Reconstruction that tried men's souls, for it was then that Evelina proved her worth, verifying scripture as "one that serveth" with the "well done, thou good and faithful servant"—who never left her post of duty till the angel of death set her free.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

A. H. Duncan, of St. Louis, Mo., is eighty-four years old, but his handwriting is as firm and clear as that of a young man, and he has a vivid memory of his war experiences. The notice given him in the VETERAN for October brought him a letter from his old school-teacher, Dr. A. P. Waterfield, of Union City, Tenn., of whom he writes: "I went to school to Dr. Waterfield in Calloway County, Ky., in 1854, when I was eleven years old, and he was twenty-one. I have not seen him in over forty years; I am now in my eighty-fourth and the Doctor in his ninety-fourth year. His letter was a great surprise to me and was greatly appreciated, for I think a great deal of him. I did not know there was anyone living who knew me seventy-two years ago.

"I read the account in the VETERAN of that match drill between the 15th Mississippi and the 3rd Kentucky Regiments in 1863. I was there and took part in that drill. The writer tells it very well, but he made a mistake, in telling of Colonel Thompson's being killed later on at Paducah, Ky., in saying that he was on foot. I was commanding Company H, of the 3rd Kentucky, and was within thirty feet of Colonel Thompson, who was commanding our brigade, known as the Kentucky Brigade, composed of the 3rd, 7th, 8th, and 12th Kentucky Regiments. Colonel Crossland, of the 7th, succeeded Colonel Thompson. We were near the fort. We got behind the houses on each side of the street and did not go any farther; this was about four o'clock in the afternoon. We had the Federals in the fort. The cannon ball that killed Colonel Thompson came from a gunboat, which was some distance out in the river. I suppose we were within one hundred and fifty yards of the Ohio. We had gone there on a forced march from Mississippi and had ridden over thirty miles that morning. We began fighting about two thirty. Our horses had given out; of twenty men in my company only twelve men and myself got in the fight, and four of the twelve were killed, one being killed in the street and the others by cannon balls from the gunboats passing through the houses. Every man of my company who was hit was killed. We withdrew as soon as it was dark enough to keep the Yanks from seeing us, because our backs would be toward them and we could not shoot at them."

Confederate Veteran.

HOW FORREST SAVED THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

BY CAPT. JAMES DINKINS, NEW ORLEANS.

There is nothing in the science of war, nor in the history of wars, more wonderful than General Forrest's defense against the onslaughts of the Federal army of seventy thousand seasoned soldiers, under General Thomas, who were in hot pursuit of Hood's defeated army leaving Nashville. The story has been told numerous times by as many writers. I, myself, have done so before, but it cannot be told too often, for in all history there has been nothing in military affairs so marvelous. The accomplished British major general, Sir Frederick Maurice, wrote interestingly of that campaign and declared that Forrest was the master of strategy. But even that cultivated soldier and educated gentleman was not able to portray the wonders performed. No one can do so, even though he had participated in the struggle.

I was with the command from the time the army crossed the river at Florence, November 15, 1864, until General Hood recrossed the Tennessee River at Bainbridge, December 27. I was with the rear guard from the day we left Brentwood, December 17, every day, every minute of the time, until we reached Bainbridge; but I freely confess my inability to describe what I saw, I cannot write satisfactorily of the most notable scenes even, which are as clear in my mind to-day as an awakening dream, certainly not in the graceful, musical-sounding phrases General Maurice uses, but I can tell in plain and simple language what Forrest accomplished; and in writing the story again, I do so with the hope that those who read it will keep afresh in the minds of their children the grandeur of the Confederate soldier. If I can persuade one man to teach his children the true history of the War between the States, I shall feel that I have done well.

I cannot give credit to all those who were glorious figures in the battle front, for that would include the name of every man Forrest had, but I hope I can attract the attention of those people among us who are becoming careless, or indifferent, to the cause and the memory of the Confederate soldier, the men who proved themselves heroes in war. Noblemen in peace, and an honor at all times to the South; whose patience throughout privations outlasted the war itself, and whose behavior in battle gave them the glory of renown. Those men must not be forgotten. I commanded General Chalmers's escort company during that time. Every man in that company was a soldier. We were all boys, not one over twenty-five. I was nineteen, and I would love to pay tribute to each of them. So far as I can learn, not one remains; they have all gone; and I do not know personally of but one man who shared the hardships of that campaign. There may be a few others, and it may be that I could recollect them if I heard their names, but the only one I can identify is the Hon. J. P. Young, of Memphis. He was a member of the 7th Tennessee Cavalry, Rucker's Brigade, and no body of soldiers was ever superior to them. I received a letter recently from Judge Young, who told me that he was "living quietly in Memphis." I have known him more than half a century, and during those years he has filled the measure of God's noblest creation.

The first day of December, 1864, the morning after the battle of Franklin, was clear and balmy, but the men of the Army of Tennessee were sad and discouraged. Five thousand of their comrades who had shared the hardships and dangers of four years of bloody war lay dead or wounded on the field in front of the Federal breastworks. Their precious lives were wasted; but they were honored in death. The memory of their glorious deeds should inspire the youth of all ages to nobler ends, and we may without vanity and without sectionalism feel a pride in them.

Leaving Franklin, Hood's army numbered 18,000 infantry, 1,700 cavalry, and fifty-eight cannon. Total 22,000 men, including the artillery, while Thomas's army, before the battle of Nashville (according to Swinton's "Battles of the War," pages 451-55) numbered 50,000 infantry, 12,000 cavalry, and seventy-four cannon. Total, 70,000 men including artillery. That an army so superior in numbers and equipment as that commanded by General Thomas should be beleaguered so long by one so inferior in everything but courage and devotion seems remarkable indeed, but it is a fact which has no parallel in war. It has been claimed that Thomas delayed the attack in order to organize a cavalry force strong enough to destroy Hood after he defeated him; but that is not borne out by results. The Federal army under Thomas was large enough to occupy every foot of the breastworks in front of Nashville with double ranks of infantry, while Hood's position, necessarily much longer, was defended with a mere skirmish line. He did not have men sufficient to encircle the Federal works at two paces apart, and there were numerous gaps of several hundred yards where there was not a man to guard the lines from attack.

After the battle of Franklin, General Forrest, with Buford and Jackson's divisions, 3,000 men and eighteen cannon, began a series of characteristic operations, destroying railroads and telegraph lines on the way to Murfreesboro, where he went to guard the army against any flank movement. He captured and destroyed every blockhouse on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Bates's division of infantry was sent to co-operate with Forrest. The cavalry reached the vicinity of Murfreesboro December 5, but Bates did not arrive until the following day.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to describe the battle of Nashville or the fearful results that befell Hood's army, but to recite the events in which Forrest's cavalry co-operated with that army.

Forrest, at Murfreesboro, left Chalmers with Rucker's Brigade and two regiments of Biffle's Brigade with the army at Nashville. Chalmers had his headquarters at the famous and beautiful home of Gen. W. H. Harding, Belle Meade. About 2 A.M., December 15, a messenger reached General Chalmers from General Hood, with advice that the enemy was getting in motion for an attack. Chalmers and his staff and escort hurried over to Rucker's position on the Charlotte Pike, near the Cumberland River, and found Rucker hotly engaged. The ground was covered with sleet and snow, and a heavy fog so enshrouded the ground and the enemy's movements that they burst forth on our lines unawares, like a mighty current. The attack was first made on Rucker, and was supported by numerous gunboats in the river. A division of cavalry, closely followed by infantry, moved along Charlotte Pike. Simultaneously with a like movement over the Harding Pike, Ector's Brigade of infantry on the Harding Pike was swept back by a column ten times as strong, and the brigade was forced to swing eastward, or toward Chalmers's position, leaving a gap of a full mile unprotected, and opening the Harding Pike where Chalmers's wagon train had been left, and which was captured by the enemy.

Chalmers and Rucker, however, maintained their position boldly. They did not retire until the Federal guns were heard several miles in their rear. Chalmers held his position against a full division of the enemy until he ascertained that Hood had been defeated. He then found his small command of less than two thousand men cut off from the Confederate army. He began to retire about four o'clock in the afternoon, crossing to the Harding Pike, which he reached after dark. Finding

the enemy in his front and in his rear, he continued across the country toward Brentwood, where he learned that Stewart's corps had reformed. Thomas opened the battle by an attack on our left, but quickly hurled the mass of his big army upon Hood's right flank and doubled the Confederate line back on the center. The double line of Federal infantry rushed pell-mell over the lean and thin Confederate columns on the right and center, and forced them back.

The weather was bitter cold, and fully half of the men in Hood's army were without shoes. The country was rough and rugged, and the wonder is that the Confederates were able to offer any resistance under such conditions. Chalmers ordered Rucker to take position on the left of Stewart's corps to protect the flank of the army. This he succeeded in doing about daylight of the 16th. Very soon he was attacked by a strong cavalry force, evidently bent on getting in the rear of Hood's army.

Rucker notified Chalmers, who moved with his staff and escort and Forrest's old regiment to his assistance, but as he was crossing the Granny White Pike, he met a cavalry force which also sought to reach the flank. Colonel Kelly quickly formed his regiment and opened fire, while Chalmers, with his escort, dashed into the enemy's rear. The boys yelled continuously, and the enemy, unable to account for the enthusiasm of the attack, fell back, leaving the pike in our possession.

Let me remark right here: Could anything be superior to the conduct of those escort boys, only a handful charging a brigade of the enemy and putting them to flight? I am proud to know I was there and one of them.

About this time, daylight, Cheatham's ambulance train was passing along and would have fallen into the enemy's hands but for Chalmers's prompt action with the escort.

In the meantime Rucker was hotly pressed, but maintained his position until about 3 P.M., when Chalmers, with his escort, went to find General Hood. During his absence, a message was received from General Hood, which was handed to Rucker, in which it was stated that the army had been defeated at all points, and that he must resist the Federal cavalry on the Granny White Pike—they must be held at any sacrifice. Rucker was the man to do that thing, and without delay he formed his men across the pike, determined to stop the Federal cavalry or die in the attempt. Leaving Colonel Kelly in command, Rucker galloped down the pike with his escort (a company of boys who had volunteered from the Military Institute at Tuscaloosa, none of them over sixteen years of age) to find a favorable position and throw together some breastworks. He had scarcely begun making piles of rails and logs when Kelly was attacked by an overwhelming force. That gallant officer maintained a desperate fight against great odds for two minutes or more, but fell back to defeat an effort to get in his rear. Rucker, in the meantime, had been busy building his rail breastworks with the aid of the 7th Alabama cavalry. At the time he was apprised that Kelly had been driven back, the 12th Tennessee reached him. He quickly posted that regiment behind the frail defenses and galloped across the pike to dispose the 7th Alabama as he wanted it.

After arranging the latter regiment Rucker returned to the pike where he left the 12th Tennessee and rode into a regiment of Federal cavalry. It was getting dark, and he did not at once discover they were Federals. Rucker promptly inquired: "What regiment is this?" He was quickly answered by a Federal officer who advanced to meet him. They then discovered they were enemies.

Both drew sabers at the same time, and spurred their horses

to the conflict. Both dashed at each other with undaunted spirit. It was bitter cold and neither could manage his horse as he wanted. Rucker struck at his foe with all his might, missed him, and dropped his saber, but, being in immediate contact, he grappled and wrenched the Federal officer's sword from the latter's grasp. Finding the Federals advancing on him from all sides, he dashed toward the right, hoping to escape in the darkness, but the Federals shouted, "Shoot the man on the white horse," and hundreds of rifles were fired at him, one ball striking him in the left elbow and shattered the bones. Only a moment before, Rucker had sabered a Federal who was trying to head him off.

Rucker's horse fell throwing him against a pile of wood which knocked him speechless. The enemy rushed at him like hungry wolves, and many of them, dismounting, struck him with their guns and treated him with savage brutality, excusable only as the act of savages. However, Rucker survived these injuries, and was taken to Nashville, where his arm was amputated at the shoulder. He had been commissioned a brigadier general a few days previously, but had no knowledge of the fact until after the close of the war.

Rucker won his spurs on fully a hundred fields. He was a dashing officer, and his services would have been recognized sooner but for the fact that the War Department could not keep pace with Forrest and his cavalry.

During the excitement attending Rucker's capture, the enemy became so interested in ascertaining who he was that they neglected the proper vigilance and Major Randolph, commanding the 7th Alabama Cavalry, soon discovering they were Federals, fired a volley into their ranks, killing about twenty and wounding a number of them. Rucker's escort of boys raised a yell and galloped in the direction of the enemy. The Federals scattered and, though hard pressed by the 7th Alabama and the boys, escaped in the darkness. To the 7th Alabama is due the highest praise for their conduct on this occasion. Officers and men displayed the finest courage, and it can be said with truth, that they checked the Federal advance and prevented the enemy from getting in our rear.

Rucker's escort company of cadets referred to, having learned that their chief was killed or captured, boldly dashed into the enemy's ranks, with great effect. The audacious warriors of Napoleon on the field of Austerlitz were not greater than those boys, not superior to them in courage. Brilliant, courageous, dashing, they were ready to fight any odds. Nothing could break their spirits, seeming never to tire. They were always ready. Within six months they fought in over twenty engagements, and half of them were left on the field. What a crime to have those brave boys killed!

The shattered and separated regiments of Rucker's Brigade bivouacked in sight of the Federal camp fires. Chalmers, in the meantime, learning of the distress in Rucker's Brigade, began to get the command in order. By 3 A.M., the regiment began to fall in the rear of Hood's army to cover the retreat to Franklin.

The Confederate infantry—defeated, discouraged, and disheartened—was passing until late in the night. There was no organization. The men were worn out by fatigue and hunger. Hundreds fell by the roadside, exhausted, and they slept by the roadside on the frozen ground until aroused by Forrest's cavalry and told to hurry on. More than half the army was barefooted. Men stumbled and staggered over the rough, frozen ground with bleeding feet and with expressions of despair on their faces. No troops ever suffered greater hardships.

Had the Federal cavalry been handled as Forrest would

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have handled it, not a man of Hood's infantry would have escaped during the night of December 16. The enemy did not press our retreating forces with vigor as Forrest would have done, they were very slow to attack.

We arrived at Franklin, crossed the Harpeth River, and found that Stephen D. Lee's corps, though greatly reduced in number, had preserved its organization and stood in line to meet the advancing enemy.

General Buford, with Lyon's and Bell's brigades, joined General Chalmers, and the latter, assuming command of all the cavalry, reported to General Lee for orders. General Forrest had not yet joined the retreating army on his way from Murfreesboro. The Federal cavalry soon reached the north bank of the river and began shelling our line. The fire was responded to with great spirit by Lee's batteries, and we could see the Federal cavalry scatter. General Lee, riding along by a stone fence encouraging his men, was wounded by a fragment of shell and was forced to turn the command over to General Stevenson. No man in the Confederate army (D. H. Hill excepted) had the undaunted composure of Stephen D. Lee. I have seen him amid the bursting of shells and rattle of musketry when he seemed absolutely regardless of the situation. I have seen him when the earth quivered with explosions, but he never gave the slightest evidence of distress. Some day I shall write a paper and compare him and D. H. Hill as the bravest, coolest men in battle in all the ages.

Stevenson soon fell back to a more favorable position, leaving Chalmers with the cavalry to watch the Federals. The enemy did not follow with the energy we expected, although they were troublesome. About six miles south of Franklin, Chalmers halted and formed on both sides of the pike, along a ridge which commanded the approach, and waited the onset.

Very quickly the Federals began to form in our front. They began throwing shells all about us. Chalmers had eight guns massed on the pike, manned by splendid gunners. We felt very confident they would make it hot for the enemy. It was sleetting and getting dark. Soon the enemy, in column on the pike, and in line on both flanks, charged against our position. When they were about two hundred yards distant our guns opened with canister and grape.

They reeled, thrown back in disorder, leaving the pike filled with dead and wounded men and horses. They evidently had not noticed our guns in their front. We did not pursue, but awaited another attack, which was also defeated, and Chalmers fell back to the line formed by Stevenson. During the two charges made by the enemy, men on both sides mingled in hand-to-hand conflicts. General Chalmers himself killed two Federal officers, and his accomplished adjutant general, W. H. Goodman, one time surrounded by several of the enemy, fought himself clear of all of them. General Buford had a desperate encounter with a Federal, both using sabers; Buford was wounded, but killed his antagonist.

Reaching Spring Hill, we were reënforced by Armstrong's Brigade. The weather was dreadful and the roads were in awful condition. Men and horses were covered with frozen mud, and they were worn out, hungry, and sleepy. The creeks were all out of their banks. A halt was made to give time for wagons, artillery, and infantry to cross Rutherford Creek. Here we found the remnant of Cheatham's corps formed behind breastworks. Lee's corps crossed and Cheatham's men took their place with the rear guard. Chalmers also crossed and formed line to protect Cheatham when he should fall back in his turn. The enemy moved against Cheatham with energy, but the barefooted, hungry, and

freezing men had regained some of their spirit and drove them back. In the meantime, all wagons were moving south, and the balance of Hood's army had crossed Duck river at Columbia. Cheatham and Chalmers held their positions six miles north of Columbia during the night of December 18. When Forrest joined us with Ross's Brigade and his escort, about 2 A.M., Cheatham's corps did not exceed 1,500 men, and they were in a pitiable state of destitution.

When day had dawned and we all knew that Forrest was with us, the atmosphere cleared up and all doubt was removed. The men believed that he could whip a brigade of the enemy single handed. The cavalry moved with renewed energy, and they gave spirit to the infantry. Forrest offered to relieve Cheatham, who willingly consented, and with his small force crossed the river safely. Forrest soon crossed also, and the men went into camp for the first time since the 15th. Forrest and Chalmers, with their staff and escorts, spent the night at the splendid home of Col. Granville Pillow, a few miles south of Columbia. Forrest's escort occupied the stables, while Chalmers' escort lay on the long front gallery, holding the reins of their horses and acting as guard for the generals.

During the night of December 19, General Hood sent a member of his staff to Forrest, asking him to come to his headquarters. Hood was in distress, and stated to Forrest that he entertained little hope of being able to save his wagons and artillery and discussed the best means of disposing of the train. Forrest said to General Hood: "Give me Walthall with the men he can muster, and I will undertake to hold the enemy until the army has crossed the Tennessee River with all the artillery and all the wagons." The roads were in a dreadful condition where the wheels had broken through the frozen ground leaving rough places, and it seemed impossible to move over it. Forrest told General Hood he would not allow the enemy to interfere with his movements for the next forty-eight hours, by which time he hoped that the army and wagons and artillery would be well on the way.

Mrs. Pillow provided a hot breakfast for the generals and their staffs, and the writer was among them. There was a big dish of fried ham and plenty of bread and coffee. Never before had I relished a breakfast as that one, and the gracious and elegant Mrs. Pillow will linger in my memory to the end. During the breakfast, Forrest told of his interview with General Hood and said: "We will hold them until Hood has crossed the river."

(Continued in March number)

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GARDEN IN THE WORLD.

Far up the Ashley River, where the waters of the Atlantic only ebb and flow languorously, where each bank is lined for miles with the greenest marsh grass, overhung by great moss-draped oaks, there is a garden spot so lovely it seems to have been dropped from a fairy tale. It is like the storied gardens, with beautifully kept walks, rustic bridges over placid waters, a canopy of silver-gray moss suspended from wide-spreading oaks, a carpet of green velvet shot with violets, and all around are walls of flowers. Here is a huge snow bank of white azaleas and at its edge, dripping over against it like a blood-red fountain, another great mass of flowers; its neighbor, in turn, a shade paler, and farther and farther on more and more exquisite banks of bloom. Here and there a giant camelia japonica tree raises its limbs, covered with smooth, dark-green leaves and wax-like flowers—red, mottled, and white. Another turn in the path and a beautiful rhododendron comes in view, and over against the cottage, near the middle of the garden, is a blaze of golden banksia. There are dozens of walks and acres upon acres of

flowers. The eyes are filled with color and grace, the senses caressed by the intoxicating perfume from millions of fragrant flower cups. It is a sight worth traveling many miles to see.
—*Charleston News and Courier*.

This description of the beautiful Magnolia Gardens, some miles up the Ashley River from Charleston, S. C., is enough



A GLIMPSE OF COTTAGE AND LAWN

to draw visitors from the farthest boundaries of this country. There is nothing like it in the whole world, and we should be proud that only in the Southern section of this country could such a garden exist. The height of its beauty comes early in the year, when other sections are still wrapped in winter's covering. "The *camelia japonicas* are in bloom from early February to about the middle of March; the *azalea indicas* generally reach the height of profusion about the 10th of April, but are very beautiful from the end of March through April." Then the stately *magnolia grandiflora* opens its heavy white blossoms, filling the air with their rare fragrance, which we associate so closely with the days of the old, old South.

A little history of this garden of enchantment will be of interest, and the following is taken from its history as written by Mr. C. N. Hastie, the present owner of Magnolia Gardens:

"For about two hundred and twenty-five years the estate named Magnolia-on-the-Ashley, but now better known to the public as Magnolia Gardens, has continuously been owned by the Drayton family and their descendants. The colonial mansion of brick was destroyed by fire in the revolutionary period, and a second dwelling was burned during the War between the States.

"The old steps of this second residence now lead up to the present cottage, the springtime residence of the owner. A short time after inheriting this plantation, then comprising 1,872 acres, the Rev. Grimke Drayton, owing to failing health, was ordered by his physician to spend his life in the open air. He conceived the idea of creating a garden, and thus was commenced the wonderland whose unrivalled beauty to-day is a monument to his exquisite taste and rare poetic feeling. The first plants of the species known as *Azalea Indica* were planted by Mr. Drayton in 1843. These plants were imported into this country from the Orient to Philadelphia, Pa., but the climate of Pennsyl-

vania proved to be too severe for them, and Mr. Drayton was requested to try them in South Carolina. The garden, comprising twenty-five acres, reveals the success of the experiment. In addition to the immense collection of azaleas, there is a very valuable collection of the *Camellia Japonica*. Probably nowhere else may be found as many different varieties of these beautiful plants and flowers.

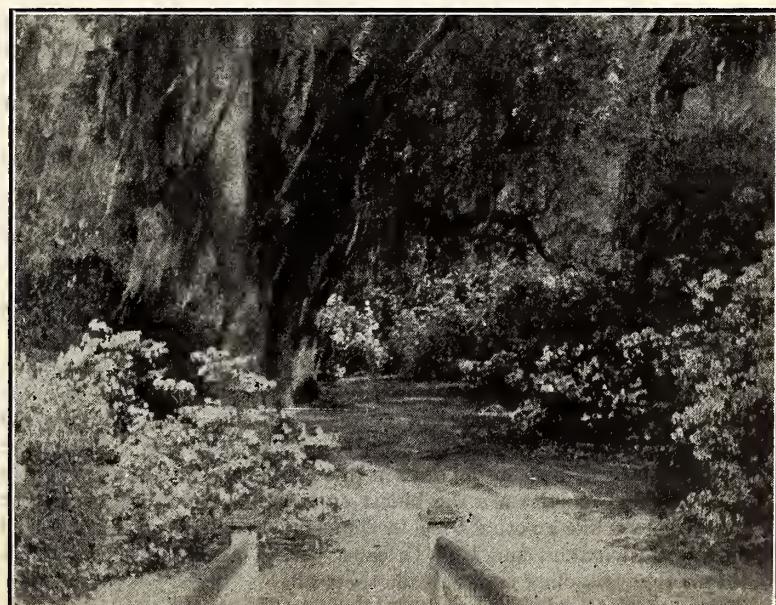
"The camelias bloom somewhat earlier than the azaleas, so that tourists rarely see them in great profusion. This estate took its name from its many fine specimens of the *Magnolia Grandiflora*. In early May the bloom of these trees adds an aftermath of loveliness to the garden. Among many other interesting trees and shrubs there is a specimen of the California redwood. The parent tree was blown down in a cyclone, and the present tree is one of its branches, having sprung up from the recumbent trunk.

"When phosphate rock was discovered, Mr. Drayton sold most of his acreage to mining companies. There are heavy deposits of this rock underlying the garden and lawn.

"In front of the present residence, skirted by magnificent live oaks planted when the estate was young—a marked contrast to the exotic bloom and riot of color of the garden, lies the lawn, the Englishlike dignity of which is a restful feature. This lawn is traversed by an avenue of live oaks equal in stateliness to itself. The garden has never felt the touch of a professional landscape architect, for, upon the death of Mr. Drayton in 1891, the care of it was assumed by his granddaughter, who inherited his love of and skill with flowers. The direction of the garden is still in her hands, and only as a result of her unceasing attention has the standard set by Mr. Drayton been maintained. When Mr. Drayton passed away, the property was inherited by his eldest daughter, Julia Drayton, wife of the late William S. Hastie, of Charleston. Mrs. Hastie died in 1920, leaving Magnolia to her only surviving son, C. Norwood Hastie."

This article would not be complete without the tribute to this beautiful garden by John Grimball Wilkins, who furnished all the material and the pictures. He writes of it:

"Owen Wister gives in 'Lady Baltimore' a little picture in words of these gardens, but no writings of its wonders will make much impression—it must be seen to be appreciated.



ONE OF THE LOVELY WALKS IN MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

"You cannot sit at home on a dull, misty day and appreciate the description of a sunset. You must go to the summit of Mount Mitchell in the Black Mountains some summer afternoon, watch the big red globe falling lower each second, it seems, toward the tall ranges, the little white clouds getting gilt edges on them, the long shadows creeping up the side of the great mountain; the sky now crimson, now changing into different colors; the mountain is so still, as the night comes on; over yonder those high peaks get lost in the distance. So you must see Magnolia Gardens, the whole country along the Ashley River, the long avenues of the old homes hold a charm for most people; to see a beautiful sunset or a lovely garden like the one I am trying to write of it must be visited.

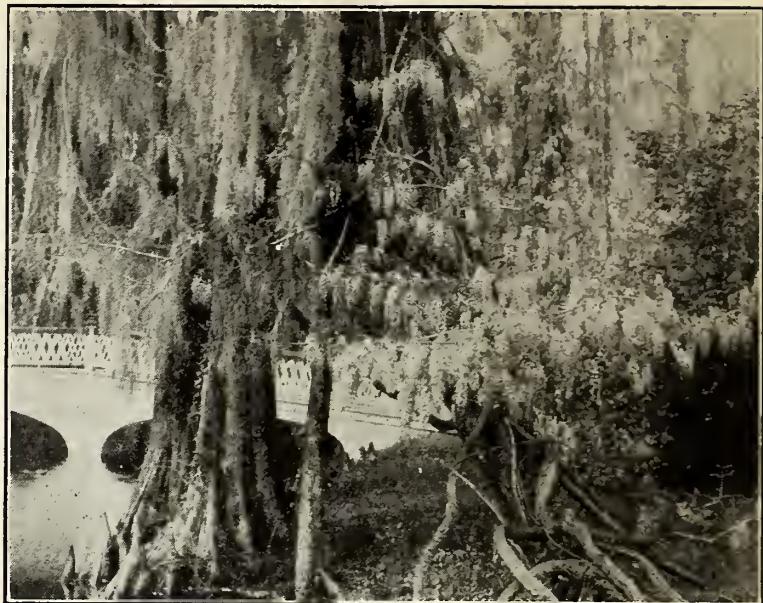
"Some of you folks who live in a country where the winter hates to leave you, where the wind blows cold and raw in the last of March and the month of April, just pack up your grip and run down to Old Charleston in South Carolina, see these gardens on the Ashley, with the air warm and sweet, where the sky is nearly always blue, a city like Los Angeles, Calif., full of sunny days, and when you go home again you can say to those poor unfortunates who stayed at home: 'Why, I have seen a flower garden down near Charleston so beautiful that I just can't describe it to you. You must go yourself some day, before the flowers leave, for they cannot stay too long; as beautiful faces soon fade, so do the azaleas and the jasmine.'

"Come down here in the low country of the old Palmetto State, see the avenues and the old places in the early spring, feel the warm sunlight, and listen to the winds blowing through the pines and gray moss, take a trip up the Ashley River in April, when the old City by the Sea with her red-top houses lies so quiet by the Bay, the boats are sailing just off the Battery around the buoys as the wind comes from the Atlantic.

"A big sight-seeing auto will take one over the fine roads through the very heart of Dixieland by a wide country highway to Magnolia Gardens on the Ashley, there to get a view of the most delightfully sweet and naturally beautiful gardens in America or, maybe, the entire world, for France or any part of the old continent cannot show such scenes of beauty. Journey up the Ashley and get an inspiration to take back with you to the folks at home. When early spring comes to the low country, it is still blowing bleak in the Piedmont at Greenville, S. C., and other places up that side. Come down from the Blue Mountains of North Carolina, where the winds blow cold across the long ranges in the early spring, to a section of South Carolina where it is a pleasure to live.

"Old Charleston has recently built two fine hotels, the Francis Marion and the Fort Sumter, the first at the intersection of our busiest streets and the other 'down on the Battery,' 'Old White Point Gardens' of colonial days. These are luxurious and comfortable homes to live in while visiting the Magnolia Gardens and other places about the most historical and charming city in all America—Charleston, S. C., a city that in the rush of modern ideas has never lost its Southern ideals. The spring days in this part of the South have no equal; the skies are the bluest and softest, the old city by the sea is like no other town in Dixieland. Charleston is more like Richmond and New Orleans, yet, in wonderful traditions that still cling to her, leads them all.

The sweet, clear chimes of old St. Michael's Bells float so softly out of the old church spire along the river front and out



A TROPICAL SCENE IN MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

to the sea. Five times these old bells have crossed the ocean to their old home back in England, and when the War between the States was going on and Fort Sumter was guarding our port, St. Michael's bells were taken up the State and buried away from the harm of the enemy's shells. They are getting old now, and some day they will cease to ring from the big white steeple. From the windows of the ancient spire you look far away over the old town, so quiet and sunny, down below you in the streets. From the old Battery, with its high sea wall, the wide bay with little boats sailing about, just let your eyes run on toward the ocean. There is Fort Sumter near the bar; nearer is Castle Pinckney and Ripley's Light—why, it's a scene that must bring the dearest memories to anyone who has been forced to live away from Charleston.

"Why, of course, the mountains of North Carolina are very beautiful—Linville, Mt. Mitchell, Pisgah, the French Broad Valley, the greatest pleasure ground in all the world—but the old places along the Ashley River—Lambs, Middleton Place, and Magnolia Gardens are so different. Both States should be proud of what nature has given them to enjoy. Let us not draw contrasts, but give each section its due, all lovely places make the world sweeter. What does it matter what country claims them, for the real Garden of Eden is where you are the happiest. The home of long ago, the old oaks by the spring, the familiar faces now gone, every one should have a Garden of Eden all to themselves.

STILL YOUNG—A beautifully written letter comes from John H. Bonner, of Tyler, Tex., with his renewal for the VETERAN, and he says: "I still find much in the VETERAN to interest me and gladly renew my subscription. I am now eighty-five years old, or will be on the 12th day of next month, and my dear old wife, who is sitting in the room with me, will be eighty-four on the 30th of March. We will have been married sixty-two years on the 8th of next month; both of us are in splendid health. I served four years to a day in the War between the States. The first eighteen months I was a member of Company A, 2nd Texas Cavalry, and the remaining time I was a member of Company C, 18th Texas Infantry, Waul's Brigade, Walker's Division."

ST. MICHAEL'S BELLS.

I wonder if the bells ring now, as in the days of old,
From the solemn star-crowned tower with the glittering cross
of gold,
The tower that overlooks the sea, whose shining bosom swells
To the ringing and the singing of sweet St. Michael's bells.

I have heard them in the morning when the mists gloomed
cold and gray
O'er the distant walls of Sumter looking seaward from the bay;
And at twilight I have listened to the musical farewells
That came flying, sighing, dying from the sweet St. Michael's
bells.

Great joy it was to hear them, for they sang sweet songs to me
Where the sheltered ships rocked gently in the haven—safe
from sea;
And the captains and the sailors heard no more the ocean's
knells,
But thanked God for home and loved ones and sweet St.
Michael's bells.

They seemed to waft a welcome across the ocean's foam
To all the lost and lonely: "Come home, come home, come
home!"
Come home, where skies are brighter, where love still yearn-
ing dwells!"
So sang the bells in music—the sweet St. Michael's bells!

They are ringing now as ever. But I know that not for me
Shall the bells of sweet St. Michael's ring welcome o'er the sea;
I have knelt within their shadows, where my heart still
dreams and dwells,
But I'll hear no more the music of sweet St. Michael's bells.

O, ring, sweet bells, forever, an echo in my breast
Soft as a mother's voice that lulls a loved one into rest!
Ring welcome to the hearts at home, to me your sad farewells
When I sleep the last sleep, dreaming of sweet St. Michael's
bells!

—Frank L. Stanton.

DEFENSE OF JOHN YATES BEALL.

CONTRIBUTED BY ISAAC MARKENS, NEWARK, N. J.

John Yates Beall was charged with the violation of the laws of war in capturing and sinking steamboats on Lake Erie, acting as a spy near Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and unlawful warfare as a guerrilla.

After two unsuccessful attempts and escape, he was, after the third operation on December 14, 1864, caught while lingering at the railroad station at Suspension Bridge, N. Y., by a local policeman, sent to New York, where he was confined in police headquarters, and then lodged in Fort Lafayette on the lower bay. There he occupied a room with Gen. Roger A. Pryor, but recently captured in Virginia. Beall wished Pryor to act as his counsel. To this Charles A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, objected on the ground that "under no circumstances can a prisoner of war be allowed to act as counsel for a person accused of being a spy." Thereupon, James T. Brady, a foremost New York lawyer, forty-four years old, was selected as Beall's counsel. Brady, who had been admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one, had speedily become in demand in the most important litigation involving questions of medical jurisprudence and divorce cases, such as that of Mrs. Edwin Forrest in 1859. He appeared as counsel for Daniel E. Sickles on the latter's trial for the assassination of Philip Barton Key in Washington, when

his success in saving Sickles is well known. Out of fifty-two capital cases in which he was retained he never lost but one—that of Beall. The government Judge Advocate, John Bolles, took the ground that there was nothing of Christian civilization and nothing of regular warfare in Beall's operations.

Brady contended that Beall was no spy, no guerrilla, nor was he amenable to a military commission. "Although not permitted by law to receive any compensation for his services," said Beall's friend, Daniel B. Lucas, of Virginia, "Brady generously came forward and undertook his defense. Those who had long admired the intellect were now taught to appreciate, with equal admiration, the courage and generosity of Mr. Brady."

Early in his address, Mr. Brady said of Beall: "His ancestors emigrated many years ago from the north of Ireland. He was a man of considerable property in the South, and he entered into the fight which is now going on from such motives as had impelled men of high intelligence, and men who, however deeply influenced to such an opinion, really think, as we sincerely believe, in the sacred cause that we sustain, that they were acting from the most laudable motives. And while I presume that all the gentlemen in this room, like myself, feel that this battle should never cease on our side until we have imposed again the authority and power of our government over all the territory we ever possessed, and even feel, as I do for one, that when that shall have been accomplished the power of this government should be felt in other directions whenever the justification arises; yet we would be false to our Maker if we supposed that all the men who fought on the other side were hypocrites and fanatics, or were impelled by such bad motives as impelled men to perpetrate crime. It would be inconsistent with my views of the majesty and justice of the Almighty that he should permit such men, led by such intellects, to act entirely from unreasonable and blind and wicked impulses."

"That we have justice on our side is undoubtedly, in our belief, certain; but soldiers, whatever civilians may do, will never look at an enemy like the one we are contending against as utterly bereft of reason, as inferior to us, and not exactly level with the brutes. The accused has been intelligently educated, and whether it makes for or against him, he has received sound moral culture. His mother and a sister have exercised over him those ennobling influences which in the homestead exercise their great power over all of us in childhood and afterlife; and, being a gentleman of education, a graduate of the University of Virginia, he has his own views about this case and has communicated them to me, and I will present them to you.

"I wish to say to this court, on the honor of a gentleman, that I never have supposed that Lord Brougham's definition of the duties or rights of an advocate was correct. I have never entertained the idea that it proceeds, in the view of refined society or in the view of any instructed conscience, further than this, that an advocate may fairly present honorably whatever any man who is accused would have the right in truth to say for himself and no more. With that view of the duty which I am attempting to discharge on this occasion, I present in the first place the prisoner's proposition that this court has no jurisdiction of the matters which are here being investigated; that the trial of these offenses should take place in a general court-martial, organized according to the well-established principles of the laws of war; and that a military commission, though it may exercise power over the citizens of the government which establishes it, cannot, according to the law of war and of nations, take cognizance of the specific accusations presented here. I have never examined this ques-

tion at all until this trial arose, and I say to you that the questions involved in this case, except so far as I have derived my knowledge from my general reading as a lawyer, are new to me. Some of them seem to be novel even in reference to the large experience of the Judge Advocate General.

"Captain Beall, in the charges and specifications, seems to be treated in two aspects—one as a mere individual, engaged in the perpetration of an offense against society at large; and the other, in the character of a military man, offending against the laws of war. If what is here presented against him in the proof shows that he has only committed some offense against general society cognizable in the ordinary courts of judicature, then he would be entitled under the Constitution of the United States to a trial by jury. That right accompanies him as a citizen of the United States, without any reference to what any revolting States may declare, or whatever the South may say or think. We have not given up a single provision of our Constitution in regard to these matters, although we have heard of, and the government has acted on the idea of, the suspension of the *habeas corpus* and done other acts incident and proper to a state of war, so that some of the provisions of the Constitution have been to a certain extent interfered with.

"Now, in the expedition of Lake Erie, with which the accused is connected, and the other attempt on the railroad, offenses were committed cognizable by the laws, in one case of Ohio, and in the other of New York, punishable by these laws; and if the evidence should establish that the persons engaged in either of those acts were acting irrespective of character as soldiers of the Confederate government, then we respectfully submit that neither this court nor a court-martial would have authority to try the accused. If one of our soldiers should straggle and go into Richmond or into any of the towns along the path of Sherman's army and remain there and secrete himself and commit larceny or burglary, he would not be amenable to any court-martial in the South for any such act, as we understand it; and we apply the same principle to the same act perpetrated in our lines by a Confederate soldier. The perpetration by a man who happens to be a Confederate soldier within our territory of an offense in the commission of which he acts not in any military capacity or quality, is not an offense which a court-martial or military commission can take cognizance of. As to the charge of his being a spy within our lines, what are lines? I see no proof whatever to justify that accusation. Now, let me come to the definition of the word 'spy.' We know it comes from the French word *espionner*, to observe with the eye. The definition is certainly not broad enough, because a blind man might be a spy and a very good one. He may roam through the country as a blind beggar, and through his ear receive intelligence to his side of the greatest service.

"And if actual observation with the eye were necessary, Major André was not a spy, for he made no observations within our lines that could be of any possible service. He was not there for that object. He came there to meet Arnold, to get dispatches with a view to deliver them to Sir Henry Clinton. He was convicted of being a spy because he was within the enemy's line to receive intelligence and deliver it to the commander in chief of his own army that it might be used against the colonies. This is a very clear case of being a spy. Just as clear as the case of Davis, who was convicted the other day, a man who was carrying dispatches from Canada to the South, and passing through our lines for the purpose of communicating that intelligence. And I cannot imagine how all this sympathy is wasted on André, which I am sorry to say has found its way into the excellent work of Phillimore on

International Law. It is true that André had on a uniform; but it was covered over with an outer coat. There was an actual concealment of the true character of the man, and he was traveling with a false pass, and I may say, from Arnold, and Arnold had the impudence to insist that André should be surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton because he was traveling under this traitorous pass given by him; and André the less deserves our sympathy because one letter of his addressed to Colonel Sheldon is in existence, mentioned in 'Irving's Life of Washington,' showing that he intended to take advantage of a flag of truce for the purpose of holding his communications with Arnold, and if anything on earth known among men, recognized by society, and sustained by humanity is deserving of veneration, it is a flag of truce—that divine aspect of heaven amidst the grim and bloody horrors of war.

"There must, to constitute the crime of a spy, be something in the nature of a disguise and the purpose of it to clandestinely obtain information to communicate to the enemy. General Johnson, when captured by General Hancock, had no uniform on. He had a round hat and was very ordinarily attired. He was found in our lines, and in citizen's dress. Where he got that dress, how long he had worn it, whether he had any other for the last five years, we know nothing about. But whatever may have been his dress at any time while within our territory, when will this Honourable Court say that the accused was within our lines, which is essential to constitute his being a spy? What are, in a military sense, the lines of the United States army, for the purpose of determining the question of one's being a spy, or any other question, I have not the capacity to give this Honourable Court any information. I don't see how Beall was within our lines in a military sense, because he happened to be in the State of Ohio taking passage on a steamboat, or up at Niagara in the State of New York, which was never for one moment subject to any kind of military occupation. But suppose it should appear that the accused was in disguise, or without uniform, and within our lines, what was he here for? Was he here to work as a spy? Why, not at all. The evidence not only fails to show that, but directly establishes that he was not. A man belonging to the Confederate service might come within our lines without his uniform for a very lawful purpose. He might come to perform an act of humanity, he might come to see a friend or relative, not to speak one word on the subject of war. According to the digest of the opinions of the Judge Advocate General, merely for a citizen to come secretly within our lines from the South, in violation of paragraph 86, of General Orders 100, of 1863, does not constitute him a spy. A rebel soldier, cut off in Early's retreat from Maryland and wandering about in disguise within our lines for more than a month and seeking opportunity to join the rebel army, but not going outside our lines since his first entering them, is held not strictly chargeable as a spy.

"Now, on this subject, we find that Beall did not come here as a spy, nor for any such purpose. He came on one occasion to assist in a demonstration for the relief of the prisoners on Johnson's Island, a specific purpose of war if he acted in a military capacity; and in the other case, he was in the State of New York engaged in the capture of a railroad train, so as to get possession of the mails and money in the express safe; and coming for either of these purposes, he did not come to lurk or make himself a spy in any way, and on that subject the Judge Advocate has been good enough to present the letters and diary of this young man to prove his declaration. In his diary he takes credit to himself and thanks the Lord that he can say: 'I never stained my hands with the blood of any fellow man except in lawful battle.' I can assure you that

there is nothing in that man's nature which does not make it abhorrent to him to do anything than what a misled Virginian would think was just and manly on the side to which his conscience, conviction, education, and military attainments led him. I think, therefore, that I am warranted in saying the charge of being a spy is not only not sustained but entirely disproved. He did not come as a spy, he did not lurk as a spy, he sought no information, he obtained none, he communicated none. He was arrested at Niagara on his way to Canada, having, according to his declaration to government witnesses, reached Baltimore after the failure of his expedition on Lake Erie, had been provided with funds, and was making his way to Canada. He was just exactly in the condition of that soldier in Early's army referred to, waiting for an opportunity to return to the rebel force. He was anything and everything but a spy. He was acting under a commission, he was in the service of the rebel government, he was engaged in carrying on a warfare; he was not endeavoring to perpetrate any offense against society. He is not amenable to this tribunal, but must answer to the ordinary courts of the State within which the crime was committed.

"According to the Judge Advocate General, 'the charge of being a guerrilla may be deemed a military offense *per se*, like that of being a spy.'

"I shall look to other authorities on that subject. Originally we find from looking to history that an enemy was regarded as a criminal and an outlaw, who had forfeited all his rights, and whose life, liberty, and property were at the mercy of the conqueror. That was softened down from such rugged asperity by the advance of civilization and Christianity, but essentially the principle remains. The soldiers who surrounded Captain Beall on his way to this court, and, unknown to their superior officers, when the opportunity presents itself, murmur out in his hearing words that would denote that he was contemplated by them as a murderer, an outcast, and a villain, have not brought themselves to understand, to contemplate the dreadful fact that war is nothing but legalized deception and fraud and murder. If I slay my fellow being upon a provocation or insult, if he should assail the reputation of my mother, or offer insult to my sister in my presence, and in a moment of passion I slay him, by the law of the land I am guilty of murder, although the circumstances might recommend me to the clemency of the court; and yet, if, in obedience to the call of my country, I go against the phalanx of men who have done me no personal wrong, do not I always gain my military triumph by the massacre of these innocent men? If you march your battalions against the conscripted armies of the South, who suffer but the innocent? while the guilty leaders, the wicked men who set this rebellion on foot, have thus far escaped and seem destined to escape whatever may be the issue of the war. Soldiers like you (members of this commission) are not to be horrified by the fact that men engaged in a warfare, who treat you and consider you to be their enemies, take possession of your steamboats, obstruct railroads in endeavor to throw railroad trains off the track. It is very horrible to contemplate when you look at it through the lens of ordinary society. But has it not been customary in this war, in all these expeditions called raids, for leaders to earn brilliant reputations by, among other things, tearing up rails, removing them, intercepting and stopping railroad cars, without reference to the question of who happened to be in them? It is death, desolation, mutilation, and massacre that you are permitted to accomplish in war, and you look at it not through the melancholy necessity that characterizes the awful nature of war. You must change your whole intellect and moral nature to look at it as it is, the *ultima ratio*

regum, the last necessity of kings. Where do you draw the line of distinction between the one you call a guerrilla and the act of one you call a raider like Grierson? Where do you make the distinction between the march of Major General Sherman through the enemy's country, carrying ravage and desolation everywhere, destroying the most peaceful and lawful industry, mills and machinery, and everything of that nature? Where do you draw the line between his march through Georgia and an expedition of twenty men acting under commission, who get into any of the States we claim to be in the Union and commit depredations there? And what difference does it make, if they act under commission, if they kill the innocent or the guilty? There are no distinctions of that kind in war. You kill your enemy, you put him *hors de combat* in any way, with some qualifications that civilization has introduced. You may say it is not allowed to use poisoned weapons, and yet we use Greek fire. You may not poison wells, but you may destroy your enemy's property. Even Cicero in his oration against Verres, when the question arose whether the sacred things were to be preserved in warfare, said: 'No, even sacred things become profane when they belong to an enemy.' At the outbreak of this war the Savannah privateers were captured, they were held and tried as pirates. I was one of the counsel for the accused. The jury in the city of New York disagreed. In Philadelphia they convicted some of them, and the Confederate government proposed retaliation and took an equal number of our men, their lot being determined by chance, and secured them to be executed in case death were visited upon any of the privateers; and one of the men who was so held in Richmond was Major Cogswell, who has just left this room, and for the first time in my life I had an involuntary client, because the life of my friend Cogswell was dependent upon the result. Very soon, however, the government set aside that idea and gave up the notion that privateers were pirates. Do you remember the case of the 'Caroline,' which occurred in 1840, when the British government sent its officers within our lines and took a steamboat from one of our citizens and set fire to it and sent it over the Falls? And you remember the diplomatic controversy that arose in which it was claimed by England that the principle of *respondent superior* must apply, that it must be settled by the government whose agents the perpetrators of that offense were; and although McLeod was tried in New York and escaped by the strange defense of proving himself a liar, by proving that he would not have done the things that he boasted he had done, the idea has not yet been removed that it was something to be settled in the international relations of the two governments. You cannot convict any man as a guerrilla who holds a commission in the service of the Confederate government and perpetrates any act in that capacity. He is not self-organized, nor self-controlled. He is acting under authority of our foe, and he is regarded as under so much protection as belongs to the law of war.

"You will find that in this case Captain Beall was acting as an officer of the Confederate government, either in command himself of Confederate soldiers, or under the command of some Confederate officer, as in the attempt on the railroad where Colonel Martin, of the Confederate service, was in command. Commissioned officers of the Confederate government engaged in depredation for the purposes of war within our territory are not guerrillas within this definition recognized by any books I have referred to. The question is whether there is any proof that Captain Beall was a guerrilla, a marauder, self-controlled, not acting by authority of his government, without a commission, a mere self-willed and self-moving predator.

"As to Beall's statement when arrested, that he was an escaped prisoner from Point Lookout, Md., the fact is that Captain Beall was a prisoner, and at Point Lookout, was taken by our forces and exchanged. In his statement when arrested that he was an escaped prisoner, he was acting the part of human nature. He wanted to be released, if possible. He got the officer who arrested him to suggest that he was an escaped officer, a thing involving no turpitude or wrong. It is the right of every man in society to escape the consequences of his actions, it is the right of society to punish him. The statement of witnesses that Beall had a bottle of laudanum in his pocket when captured, which Beall said was for the toothache, does not concern us, whether he had the toothache or intended to poison himself. He had a right to poison himself, except as between Captain Beall and his Maker, or Captain Beall and his government, but it is wholly immaterial what that was for.

"And then as to the proof offered of Beall's attempt to bribe his custodians in the New York police station while awaiting trial, what would either of you gentlemen of this commission do if you were captured by the enemy? Get away if you could. Whether the accused did or did not offer \$1,000 to the witness, Hays, for that purpose, all this does not bear on the case. Now this escape, which in the law books is sometimes called flight, is sometimes given in evidence as a circumstance tending to fix crime. In war if a man is taken prisoner and afterwards escapes, his escape is sometimes the most *poetical* transaction in his life, and his daring in getting away entitles him to as much glory as courage on the battle field. We read it in romance and poetry, and it stirs our heart as much as anything in the record of battles.

"Therefore, I think we have two distinct questions here, and only two. Is the accused proved to be a spy? And is he found to be a guerrilla? What proof is there for the purpose of establishing these charges? In the one case we say he was shown to be within our lines, if within our lines at all, not for the purpose of acting as a spy, but for other developments and proved objects inconsistent with his being a spy. In the other case, it appears that he was not a guerrilla because he was a commissioned officer in the Confederate service, acting under authority of that government during war, in connection with other military men, for an act of war. If so, then he is not amenable to this jurisdiction. If I had been before a tribunal not accustomed to look at war with its grim visage, with the eye of educated intelligence, I should apprehend that the natural detestation of violence and bloodshed and wrong would pursue this man; but however wrong the South may be, however dismal its records may remain in the contemplation of those who have the ideas of patriotism that reside in our minds, yet not one of you gentlemen would even be willing to acknowledge to any foreigner hating our institutions that you did not still cling to the South in this struggle, wrong and dreadful as it has been, and award them the attributes of intelligence and courage never before equalled, and certainly never surpassed in the annals of the human race. Bad as their acts may be in our contemplation, have you any doubt that in the conscience of that man, in the judgment of his mother, in the lessons he received from his father, he has what we may think the misfortune of believing himself right?

"The mother and those sisters who are watching the course of this trial with their hearts bleeding every instant to think of the condition of the son and brother, who would not care if he should be shot down in one hour in open battle, contending for the principles which they, like him, have approved, if he were borne back to that mother like the Spartan son upon a shield, she would look on his corpse and feel that it was

honored by the death he received. But she would be humiliated to the last degree if she supposed he had departed from the legitimate sphere of battle and turned his eyes away from the teachings of civilization and become a lawless predator and deserving and suffering ignominous death.

"I leave his fate in your hands. I have endeavored to avoid any attempt to address to you anything but what becomes the sober reason of intelligent men. There are occasions when the advocate may attempt, if he possess any endowment of that nature, what is commonly called eloquence, what is known as oratory, but I never consider that in a court like this any address of that nature is appropriate in any sense or degree. This is a thing to be reasoned upon. You will view it through the medium of reason with which the Almighty has endowed you, and I think I may say to my client that whatever conclusions this court reaches, it will be that of honorable and intelligent gentlemen, who would convict him, if at all, not because he is a Southern officer, but because it is the imperious necessity of the law that they deem to be sufficient."

Mr. Brady, after the execution, said: "I never before saw a human being whose composure in meeting his doom was equally perfect, while at the same time he displayed nothing of the bravo."

His friend and biographer, Daniel B. Lucas, wrote: "If this man were wrong, he perished at least on the side of defense, and in obedience to the voice of his State, whom his father had taught him it was religion to obey; and, dying thus, he perished nobly and bravely."

BEAUTIFUL STRATEGY AND MAGNIFICENT FIGHTING.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, FLORENCE, S. C.

In the course of my reading, I have never yet come across the writer who, to my mind, brought out the full glory that belongs to the side of the South in consequence of the battle of the Wilderness. And though my pen may not set forth what I seem to see, I will make the effort to bring into view certain facts, and develop some lines of thought that may enhance our admiration for the matchless fighting power of Lee and his soldiers in the year 1864 and so make this article of some value to the veterans of that most terrible of all the years of our warfare, the most terrible, for, from May 4, 1864, to April 9, 1865, there was hardly an hour that knew not the toll of death in our serried battle line. There was very little marching for Lee that year, but the fighting was unrestrained.

Meade, the Federal general of the year before, had from July 3, 1863, to February, 1864, the solemn duty of fighting Lee. He had a far more numerous army and was for every day of the time in close proximity. He was superseded, and the fighter, Grant, given the place of decision, because Meade would neither fight when Lee advanced on him, nor even when he himself had advanced and found Lee ready. But Grant was given an even more powerful army, in fact, just as large a force in every branch as he desired. And once more the season for strenuous activity was at hand. What now would the *fighter* do?

Grant succeeded to Meade's position on the terrain or strategical field as well as to his forces. Grant had to begin, not as McDowell, McClellan, Pope, in a measure, Burnside, and Meade had done, at Washington, or the Potomac, but from where the armies then were, facing each other across the Rapidan. His communications were already established. When these were not changed, General Lee knew Grant would try to cross the Rapidan or the Rappahannock above Fred-

ericksburg, inasmuch as below that town they would be based on the Potomac at Acquia Creek. But Grant was really in a fix, for Pope had once tried crossing where the railroad crosses, and just below Lee stood at Mine Run; Meade had tried at Germania Ford; Hooker had used Ely's and United States; Sedgwick knew what Banks's Ford led away from; and Burnside had made supreme test of the crossing at Fredericksburg. The hairpin bend of the Rappahannock and the high banks on the Confederate side forbade the railroad crossing entirely, and all below Lee's position at Mine Run consigned a crossing army to a subsequent march through the Wilderness; still Grant was Grant and would surely cross if he could, Wilderness or no Wilderness. All the same, he was in a fix and full of anxiety about his crossing.

Grant has criticized Lee as not being essentially an aggressive general, but here Lee had the choice between comparatively easy defense and very much more dubious aggression, and deliberately chose the rôle of aggression. Military writers tell us that to defend a crossing is much easier than to beat an army after it has once made its crossing good, but the defense is a mere warding off a blow, while the latter course is a life-and-death matter. Grant said at this time that if he should beat Lee, it would be all well and good, but if Lee beat him, the remnant of his army "could cross back on a log." Lee did not want to deter Grant, but to whip him, or shock him, at the least, and in all Virginia there was perhaps no terrain where numbers and artillery could be equalized so well as here in the Wilderness.

And that is why (chiefly) General Lee did not take a position below Germania and Ely's Fords while allowing Grant to cross, but, as seems strange to a layman, on the side away from Richmond, risking a great deal thereby. He wanted Grant in the Wilderness. He blocked him off from any other course, compelled him to lose the advantage of numbers and artillery.

Where was General Grant going from the river? That is very important as showing what Lee accomplished. His march after crossing was toward Shady Grove, by way of Parker's store—*i. e.*, not through the Wilderness toward Richmond by Spotsylvania, as Lee by the battle compelled him, but to a point west of Spotsylvania. Parker's store is four miles from the Brock Road, west of it and out of the Wilderness. Grant did not like the Wilderness. Lee, by keeping his position on the river, thereby risking a great deal, gave Grant no choice. Moreover, it gave Lee two fine roads at right angles to Grant's march anyway he made it, except by turning downstream toward Fredericksburg, by which to fall on his moving columns. On one of these roads, so broad was it, Longstreet came up two columns, or eight men abreast.

The point is that Grant did not choose his crossing, but the one designated by Lee, and that Lee dared a great deal to force it on him. Shady Grove was between Lee and Richmond, and also Lee's line of communications (the Central Railroad) not far beyond. Only a Lee, it seems to me, could have been so daring with so much at stake.

Grant's reasons for going by Shady Grove and not Spotsylvania were governed by the following facts: The distance between the crossing place and the Central Railroad, on which Lee's supplies came from Richmond, is less than thirty miles, and once there Grant would not only be able to cut Lee's line of supply, but to get his own by rail, for the Orange Railroad (his present line) connected at Gordonsville with the Central. As he had ordered three small armies to come from the Valley down the Central by way of Charlottesville, the matter of going a very little west would be small in itself and bring a quicker meeting with the Valley forces. Again, too,

once on that railroad, he would have rounded the headwaters of two rivers—the Mattaponi and the North Anna. When Lee forced him to Spotsylvania he was mixed up in the headwaters of the Mattaponi, and later found Lee preventing the crossing of the North Anna at Hanover Junction. Grant had decided, therefore, to cross east of Lee at Germania Ford, and move around Lee a little west of south, get out of the Wilderness as quickly as possible, make for the Central about Gordons Hall station and cut Lee's communications even before he reached the railroad, forcing Lee to battle in behalf of these vital matters.

Of course, the failure of Lee to do more than kill, wound, and capture some 17,000 of Grant's men and compel him to the Spotsylvania route, and thence north of both of the rivers, was disappointing in the extreme, but the other hoped-for results were lost by the vagaries of battle, Longstreet's wounding, and an obstinate refusal of Early to accept perfectly trustworthy information. All the fine points of a beautiful strategy were exploited in full view. General Lee even stood ready to strike the Valley forces if they got as far as Gordonsville before they could join with Grant.

The tactics, unless indeed they be really a part of the strategy, were just as beautiful. Lee had a turnpike and a broad plank road that met Grant's line of march at right angles, the first at least four miles south of the Rappahannock and the second nearly three miles farther, while an ordinary road still more south might also be used for the march of the third section of his army (Longstreet's Corps). Grant would be obliged to halt after crossing with so large an army, 140,000 or more in aggregate, and take time to move south on two roads, at least. They could not get by without Lee's striking them, and to strike the rear even would bring the advance to help protect the trains, and the whole march, in fact. Then when Grant's army was concentrated, or perhaps huddled even, in the conflict with two parts, the third part would fall on its flank by the third road and press it back to the river and trains. All of this was carried out fairly well, and, in places, beautifully, but the chances of battle constantly demand change of tactics and here was no exception to the rule. Ewell did his part almost perfectly. Hill was assigned too heavy a task for his forces. Longstreet did not come on the field quite soon enough and, being wounded by his own men, the flank movement in the flood tide of success was broken up or rather stayed till too late for further execution. Let us remember that all these tactics had to be executed in dense woods and undergrowth with hardly a semblance of a clearing. In the end both flanks of the enemy were rolled up and only night and entrenchments saved them.

Grant, on his part, also used good tactics. He kept his four corps in supporting distance and ordered them to entrench whenever they halted even for a short time. Hancock, moving east of Warren and Sedgwick and so safe from interruption, got his corps beyond all the three roads along which Lee attacked, but had to return when the others were held in battle. Also as each of the two dangerous roads were reached, forces were placed to guard against Lee's approach down those roads.

We may mention that Lee on the first day (May 5) used only some twenty-three or four thousand men to hold Grant, and on the second day used every man of his sixty-three or four thousand for the battle. The artillery could be used but very little, and the cavalry was fighting heavily far down toward Todd's Tavern, barring the way toward both Spotsylvania and Shady Grove. Lee did not have more than fifty thousand infantry, if even that. Lee's aggregate is given as 72,000 to Grant's 148,000 and his "present for duty" as

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64,000 to Grant's 122,000. Take any estimate one pleases, the ratio of Lee to Grant is put at practically one half.

One of the peculiarities of the battle field is that it afforded little or no protection to either flank of either army. Ewell had a little for his left, but Grant, caught on a march and fighting for his roads, could not withdraw even behind little Wilderness Run. Grant had the mortification of having both his flanks rolled up by the enemy in his first encounter. And yet Lee's much smaller force allowed no overlapping, in fact Grant, reaching from near the river clear down to Todd's Tavern, far overlapped Lee on both flanks. For a little while on the early part of the 6th, Grant did attack in flank of Hill, but Longstreet stopped that, and flanked in turn with vast success. Grant fought as one taken off guard and seeking only to stave off blows. True he had a plan for the dawn of the 6th, but as soon as Longstreet and Anderson appeared, his aggression was turned to anxious defense once more.

Now for the fighting.

At 11 A.M. on the 5th, as Ewell came down the turnpike he saw Warren ahead crossing it on the road from Germania Ford to Parker's store, but Warren's advance had not reached that store—only cavalry was there. As Hill at the same hour coming down the plank road got near Parker's store, he found that cavalry. Ewell and Hill were nearly three miles apart. Lee was with Hill. Ewell had less than 11,000 at that time on the field. Hill had hardly more than 12,000. The rest of their corps came to the front later. Hill drove the cavalry steadily back for four miles to the Brock Road. There was no infantry of Grant's at the Brock until just in the nick of time a division of Sedgwick's corps arrived, and Hancock returned from far down the Brock Road to help that division. Hancock had 27,000, and Getty had 8,000, while Hill had only 12,000. Hill held his ground till dark and some of the fighting was of the fiercest. The odds against Hill next morning were much greater, and Hill was driven back and criticized, instead of being praised; but let us remember the evening of the 5th from 4:15 o'clock, and the 12,000 against about 35,000, without entrenchments too. Ewell, for his part, managed beautifully. He fought all of Warren's Corps and one division of Sedgwick's. He drove Sedgwick to his trains, and after being driven himself a little, returned, turned his enemy's flank, captured one thousand prisoners, got up his absent troops, entrenched himself in a strong position, and had all things ready for the next day's big battle.

As so often happens, the battle next day centered on the possession of a road, the Plank Road, or rather two roads; for while Grant wanted the Plank, Lee wanted to get also the Brock, so that Grant could not even get to Spotsylvania. Lee gained the issue so far as Shady Grove was concerned by holding the Plank at the junction with the Brock, but Grant held to the Brock, and used it to get to Spotsylvania. Grant had to forego all thought of connecting with the Valley troops, of breaking Lee's communications, of establishing easy ones for himself, of getting round the head of the Mattaponi and North Anna, and being astride the railroad to Richmond unless he fought another battle and gained it.

Poor Hill was told he would be relieved early next morning. He was not. He had not entrenched nor had he gotten up his ammunition. The responsibility for the first may possibly be placed in part on General Lee, but the latter was a blunder of his own. When Grant attacked very early, 5 A.M., and Longstreet was not in sight, neither that noble soldier, Hill, nor the heroes of the evening fight on the 5th were at all dismayed. The two depleted divisions fought certainly five, and according to some, six divisions of the enemy, fought them on flank as well as front. It could not

in the nature of things be as fine a fight as the evening before, but Hancock describes the fighting as "desperate." Hill was broken, but not as some troops are broken. Neither the confusion nor the losses were great, and the troops soon rallied and fought again. What brings it so greatly to the front was the critical situation and fearful consequences, had not Longstreet come up just in time.

A reader gets so mad with Longstreet—at Seven Pines, at Second Manassas, at Gettysburg, and at the Wilderness. He is the splendid fighter and tactician who knows so well what to do and how to do it, and yet does his own way and takes his own time, even though a Johnston or a Lee try to direct him. Here in this battle his wounding is going to stop the battle more suddenly than the death of Albert Sydney Johnston stopped that of Shiloh, and just as there was glorious prospect of so defeating Grant, Meade, and Hancock as to discredit them for good and all; and yet, in spite of every precaution to get him on the field before day, the battle is almost lost before he appears.

When Longstreet steps into the arena of the Wilderness with mind made up to fight then and there, it is not just the arrival of reinforcements, but the arrival of will and skill that was in itself a tower of strength to the Confederate side of the battle. The aspect of things is soon changed.

Longstreet did not appear on the flank of Hancock by way of the by-road south of the Plank Road, as Lee seems to have planned at first, but, because of Hill's extremity, was brought directly to the point of threatened disaster. He rapidly deployed, and, using Anderson's troops, soon flanked and rolled up all the enemy's line south of the Plank Road and as far as the Brock Road, the enemy taking refuge behind their entrenchments. After he was wounded there was a long pause in the battle, and then it ended on that wing by the repulse of Anderson's and Longstreet's men from those breastworks—almost fortifications. Lee's line was then drawn back from the Brock Road, and Grant moved Warren by it to Spotsylvania the night of the next day, the 7th.

On the day of the big battle, Grant brought up most of Burnside's Corps, and Lee all of Anderson's large division of Hill's corps. Their troops were distributed to points of need. Some of Anderson's went to the gap between Ewell and Hill and there met some of Burnside's and repulsed them. Some went to Longstreet for his crushing flank attack. Anderson was "Fighting Dick." When Lee, in 1863, heard of Hooker at Chancellorsville, he sent Anderson with three brigades to delay him. As he (Anderson) stood gun to gun in front of Hooker's immense army, some one asked him what he intended to do. "*Fight him, sir; General Lee says so.*" Lee, with only Anderson and McLaws, fought Hooker all the time that Jackson and Stuart attacked his flank. He succeeded to Longstreet's command on the 7th, and, by a forced night's march, reached Spotsylvania in time to defeat Warren and secure Lee's position in front of Grant. (It was some of Anderson's men who wounded Longstreet and killed Jenkins in the fatal confusion of the Wilderness.)

Ewell did his part all day in holding his line against all attacks and in looking for opportunity to flank, according to orders. The opportunity was found and found early, but not *General Early*. It is a strange thing how often it happened that Gordon, of Early's Division, found an opportunity and begged for leave to take advantage of it and was refused by that able officer. In each case the refusal was well grounded, and yet in the end the subordinate proved right. At Gettysburg, at Cedar Creek, and here at the Wilderness, the same earnest plea was met by the same emphatic denial. On this occasion Gordon conducted a reconnoissance in force to the

flank and rear of Sedgwick about 9 A.M., and found nothing to prevent the rolling up of Grant's right. Early insisted and believed even long after the war that Burnside was there in supporting distance. Gordon could not get Ewell to overrule Early, but did get Lee to overrule both. He went with two brigades near sunset, inflicted a loss of one thousand, captured two generals, and was only stopped by darkness and the dense undergrowth from initiating a most startling confusion on that wing, to say the least. Burnside was not there. No supports were there. Everything possible had been drawn to Hancock on the far left.

It is said that after the battle, Grant threw himself face down on his bed and gave audible vent to his mortified feelings; but unless it was by tears and not curses, the incident does not mean much. At any rate, Lee's "aggressiveness" was recognized.

In conclusion, what is magnificent fighting? I would say that it is seen at its best when against odds, and gains in glory if it is successful; and that it ought in every case to manifest beauty, skill, thought, and power. A fight may be terrible, like a mêlée or a storming, or mobbing, with nothing magnificent about it. I think Lee fell on Grant like an avalanche, with definite plan and purpose worked out fully, and that the skill of arrangements as to agents and means and times and movements was only equaled by the order, system, and even rythm with which those movements were executed. And I think that such execution required courage, coolness, and endurance on the part of the troops that proved the Southern patriot to be a *superb* soldier. The whole battle showed both Lee and his army at the very zenith of their capacity.

It is singular that one of the most smoothly moving of battles should have been carried out in a country where a continuous thicket of undergrowth often hid even adjacent companies from each other's view.

Of course, since Grant still had the Brock Road to go by there was little reason for him to abandon his manifest objective, the Central Railroad. He was now about twenty miles only from it, and as near as Lee who had to move to Spotsylvania to protect his line of supply, and waited only long enough to see that Grant was not going to fight again where he was. He was confirmed in his view by learning of Grant's trains moving toward Fredericksburg for a new base.

MEMBERS OF THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

(Mississippi's Representatives in the Confederate Congresses—Provisional and Permanent. Compiled by Miss Mary Ratliff, Historian of the Mississippi Division.)

Maj. Ethelbert Barksdale was born in Rutherford County, Tenn. He early entered the profession of journalism and is regarded as Mississippi's greatest newspaper man. He first edited the *Democrat* in Yazoo City, in 1845; afterwards removed to Jackson and, in 1850, took charge of the *Mississippian*, which was the official organ of the State. After the War between the States he edited the *Clarion*, which was then Mississippi's greatest paper and the Democratic organ, 1876-83. He was elected to the Forty-Eighth Congress in 1882, and again in 1884. Gen. Reuben Davis says of him: "He displayed so much force and energy of diction that he carried his audience with him. He was born and reared in Columbus, Miss., and completed his education at Harvard. He studied law, but had neither taste nor patience for the dry and ponderous details of the profession. Like Prentiss and Holt, he was all orator." He filled the office (of legislator)

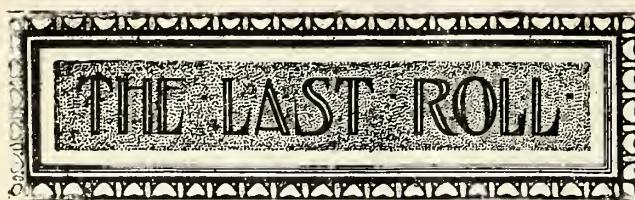
with efficiency and credit to himself. He had the rank of major in the Confederate service.

Gen. Reuben Davis was born near Winchester, Tenn., January, 18, 1813. The boy was reared from five years of age in Madison County, Mississippi Territory, on the Indian frontier. He studied both medicine and law, being elected district attorney in 1833, and he states in his autobiography that in the first year's law practice he cleared \$20,000. He was a brigadier general of militia after about 1840. In 1842 he was appointed justice of the Supreme Court. In 1847, he was elected colonel of the 2nd Mississippi Regiment for the Mexican War. He was a member of Congress when the State passed the ordinance of secession, and, on arrival in Mississippi, became first brigadier general and afterwards major general of the Army of Mississippi. Being elected a representative in the Confederate Congress, he was present when President Davis was inaugurated. In 1880 he published "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians" dedicated to the lawyers of the State by the sole survivor of the bar of fifty years ago.

Walker Brooke, a Whig representative from Holmes County and a lawyer of standing, received the necessary sixty-one votes, and served in the National Senate from 1852-1853, the unexpired term of Senator Foote. He was born in Virginia and educated at the State University, and studied law under Judge Tucker. He represented Holmes County in the Lower House of the legislature in 1848, and the Senate in 1850 and 1852. As a member of the Constitutional Convention, 1861, he introduced a resolution to refer the question of secession to the popular vote. His resolution was rejected, and he said: "I have failed. Should I vote to do nothing? Shall this convention adjourn without action? Should we do so, we would make ourselves subject to the scorn and ridicule of the world. Perhaps already the waters of Charleston Harbor are dyed with the blood of our friends and countrymen. I vote aye."

Wiley P. Harris, son of Early and Mary Vivian (Harrison) Harris, was born in Pike County, November 9, 1818. He studied law in the University of Virginia and began the practice of law at Gallatin. Upon his appointment as Circuit Judge at Monticello, at twenty-nine years of age, he gained a reputation as the ablest circuit judge in the State. Recalling this historic body (Confederate Congress), Reuben Davis wrote: "I must mention one of these delegates, one of the most extraordinary men this State has ever produced, Wiley P. Harris. That name recalls at once to many in all parts of Mississippi the image of a tall, slender figure, crowned by a most intellectual head. Nature seems to have endowed him with all the qualities requisite in a great lawyer and a magnificent orator." He was the first man chosen to the State Convention by unanimous vote. Judge Edward Mayes said of him: "He was a man of purest ray serene, whose wide and varied culture, profound legal learning, exceeding mental power, phenomenal intellectual integrity, devoted and unselfish patriotism, matchless calmness, and wisdom in counsel and unfailing courtesy gave him a unique place in the affections and honor of Mississippians. Added to which, he had a spontaneous, sparkling and pungent wit, which is proverbial to this day throughout the State."

J. A. Orr said of him: "In the power of clear analysis, the power to deal with new questions, Wiley P. Harris stood alone among all Mississippi lawyers." Edward Cary Walthall said: "I feel that I honor myself when I say to you that more than once during my brief public career I have sought to shape my public utterances so that I might earn the sanction of his endorsement when the occasion seemed critical for our people."



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

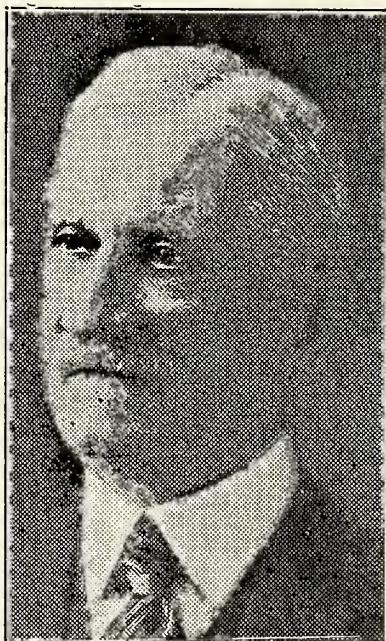
So as each one, each dear familiar form we knew,
Is lost to sight around the bending road, into
His Southland's history we look, remembering
The glory of his youth; we turn each page and bring
To mind each gallant deed he helped to blazon there—
There was no deed of courage that he did not dare.

—Mary H. S. Kimbrough.

DEWITT CLINTON GALLAHER.

On Christmas Day, at his home in Charleston, W. Va., the book of life was closed for DeWitt Clinton Gallaher, prominent and beloved citizen of that city and section. He was the oldest practicing attorney of Kanawha County, a leader in the profession. His had been an active life until shortly before the end, and his sunny, buoyant disposition made him see the bright side in everything, so that age with him was only in years. His going has left a vacant place in the community which cannot be filled.

D. C. Gallaher was born in Jefferson County, Va. (now W. Va.), on August 2, 1845, the son of Hugh Lafferty and Elizabeth Catherine Gallaher. The family later moved to Waynesboro, in Augusta County, and at the age of thirteen he was a student at Georgetown College. At sixteen he was at Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, and a year later he entered Hampden Sidney College, which he left in 1863 to join Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, Fitz Lee's Division, J. E. B. Stuart's Corps, A. N. V., and so served to the close of war. In the fall of 1865 he entered the University of Virginia, graduating in 1868. He taught for a year, and then spent two years in study at the Universities of Berlin and Munich. In 1872 he located at Charleston, was admitted to the bar there, and there had practiced his profession for over fifty years, seeking no public office, but serving efficiently in high places to which he was called. But his home and his profession were his chief interests, and he gave them of his



DEWITT CLINTON GALLAHER

best. In July, 1876, he was married to Miss Florence Miller, whose father was one of the most prominent members of the Charleston bar. She survives him with three sons and two daughters.

Loyal and patriotic always as an American, yet the cause for which he had fought so gallantly in the sixties was ever sacred to him, and throughout his long and busy life it was a hallowed memory. He had been a friend to the VETERAN, interested in its growth, and contributing from his experiences to its columns. A friend indeed has been lost in his going.

JACOB LYMAN COOK.

At his home in Montgomery, Ala., on November 3, 1926, Jacob Lyman Cook, soldier of the South in the War between the States, passed to the life eternal. Born November 19, 1844, in Burlington, Iowa, he went with his parents to Memphis, Tenn., and there, at the age of seventeen, he entered the Confederate service at the first call for volunteers. He was made a corporal in Company L, of the 154th Senior Tennessee Regiment, served honorably throughout the war, and was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., with Johnston's army.

Jacob Lyman Cook was a descendant of soldiers, and in himself and his posterity was that trait carried on. His great-grandfather, Daniel Van Voorhis, was a captain in the Revolutionary War; his grandfather, Jacob Cook, served as captain in the War of 1812; his father, the late Daniel R. Cook, of Memphis, Tenn., and Marietta, Ga., too old for service in the War between the States, was truly the soldier's friend. His ample fortune was used without stint for their comfort in camp, and the sick and wounded were cared for in his home, under the attention of his wife and daughters; and those who died were tenderly laid away. There was no thought of this expense, nor would he consider its return. At his expense, the body of Gen. Preston Smith was removed to Elmwood Cemetery at Memphis and fittingly marked.

That the blood of patriots was worthily transmitted is shown by the service of the grandsons of Jacob Lyman Cook in the World War, and one of these, Wayles B. Bradley, a cadet, lies by his side, having given his life for his country.

For many years Comrade Cook was prominently identified with the business life of Macon, Ga., going from there some twenty years ago to Montgomery, Ala., which had since been his home. He is survived by a son and two daughters, also one sister. His body was taken back to Macon, and funeral services were conducted from the home of his niece, Miss Kate Crump, with interment in Riverside Cemetery.

"As worthy daughters of a worthy father," the late Mrs. Lelia Cook Crump, and her daughter, Miss Kate, kept open home for the soldiers stationed at Camp Wheeler, near Macon, during the World War, and there was no kindness too great to be extended by these patriotic women to the boys

DEATHS IN CAMP PELHAM, ANNISTON, ALA.

Death struck our Camp heavily in the year of 1926. First, on January 17, 1926, L. J. Kiscus, who served with Company F, 38th Tennessee Infantry, was called; on March 15, J. T. Hemphill, of Company G, Cobb's Georgia Legion of Infantry, left us; and on November 20, Felix W. Foster, Cobb's Georgia Legion of Cavalry. He served as courier for Gen. P. M. B. Young, of Georgia, to the end. In the early eighties, he came to Anniston and was elected the first "Intendant" during the term. The town entered the city class, and he was elected the first mayor, and he lived to see our straggling village blossom into a city of more than 25,000 people.

Peace to their ashes! We are now but seven!

[H. F. Montgomery, Adjutant.]

Confederate Veteran.

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FRANK GILMER BROWDER.

Many friends were grieved by the passing of Comrade Frank G. Browder, of Montgomery, Ala., and the VETERAN feels the loss of a dear and valued friend. He was among the first subscribers from Montgomery, and he did much in the early years of the VETERAN to build up its patronage in that city. His death was accidental. Although more than eighty years of age, he was still active and vigorous, and still actively engaged in business as a cotton buyer. On the morning of October 20, 1926, he was out inspecting a field of cotton, when an airplane swooped too low and struck him on the head, causing immediate death, a most deplorable and unnecessary end to a worthy life.

Frank G. Browder was born at Olmstead, Logan County, Ky., on June 26, 1843, the son of Senator Robert Browder and Sarah Gilmer, the latter a descendant of the Gilmers of Virginia. When war came on in 1861, he enlisted with Company G, 3rd Kentucky Cavalry, which became a part of that famous command under Gen. John H. Morgan early in 1862. He was with this command until captured on the Ohio raid in 1863 and spent the rest of the war in prison at Camp Douglas, some two years.

After the war Comrade Browder went from Kentucky to Montgomery, Ala., and immediately took his place in the business and social life of his adopted city. He engaged in the business of a cotton buyer, representing the Gilmer Warehouse Company for several years. Later he was with Lehman, Durr & Company, and its successor, the Alabama Warehouse Company, for forty-two years. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and active in all its enterprises. He organized the first Sunday school in the Highland Park section, which later became a part of the city. He was a charter member of the Forest Avenue Methodist Church and chairman of its board of stewards; and he taught the Men's Bible Class there until his sight failed. His wife was Miss Alice Barton, of Kentucky, and he is survived by five sons and two daughters.

JAMES DEISHER.

James Deisher passed away at his residence at Dagger's Springs, Botetourt County, Va., on December 10, 1926. He was born on February 18, 1843, and for more than fourscore years served in a momentous period in the life of our country. At the outbreak of hostilities in 1861, he volunteered and enlisted in Company K, 60th Virginia Infantry, in which he served with honor until captured and taken a prisoner to Camp Morton, Ind., where he was confined until the end of the war.

Comrade Deisher retained his vigor in a remarkable degree, and was bright and cheerful to the close of his career. An elder in the Presbyterian Church, he was most useful and faithful. A splendid citizen, he was a most influential man in his community. His kind heart made him a benefactor to all, especially the poor, from whose need he never turned away. At one time he owned Dagger's Springs, and was a friend of Gen. Wade Hampton, who came there to fish on his vacation from the United States Senate in Washington. The U. C. V. reunions were a great joy to him because he was bound to his old comrades with hooks of steel. Now he has gone to attend the last great reunion, but his memory is sweet and blossoms in the dust.

He was buried in the old cemetery at Galatia Church, in Botetourt County, Va., near his home, on the banks of the James and in the shadow of the great mountains on which his eyes had rested since infancy.

[Emmett W. McCorkle, Assistant Chaplain General, U. C. V.]

COL. E. Q. WITHERS.

A soul valiant for honor and right passed on December 3, 1926, with the death of Col. E. Q. Withers, of Macon, Miss.

Emile Quarles Withers was born November 7, 1845, on his father's plantation near Holly Springs, Miss., in Marshall County, and was the eldest son of Albert Quarles and Matilda Jones Withers. He enlisted in Company G, 17th Mississippi Regiment, at Corinth, Miss., on May 27, 1861. Soon afterwards this company was sent to Virginia and was first inducted into the life military at a camp near Manassas Junction. Company G was detached and sent to Michell's Ford on Bull Run Creek, where it remained until July 18, 1861. There the company heard the first shell passing over its head. Company G rejoined the regiment at Elam's Ford on Saturday evening, July 21. The brigade of D. R. Jones, of which the 17th Mississippi was a part, made a futile attack on the enemy's right, and was repulsed. This regiment soon after the battle was moved to Leesburg, Va., and took part on October 21, 1861, in the battle of Leesburg with the 18th Mississippi and 8th Virginia Regiments. This was a signal victory for the Confederates.

In the early spring of 1862 the regiment was moved to the Peninsula near Yorktown, from which place there was a slow move toward the outskirts of Richmond, the various commands being organized into brigades and divisions. They occupied this line until the seven days' fight was commenced. The 17th Mississippi fought at Savage Station and at Malvern Hill, and sometime in August or September, moved north with other commands and engaged in the first Maryland campaign.

Colonel Withers was discharged at Culpeper Courthouse while on the march north to Maryland, he being very ill at the time. He went home and remained until the spring of 1863, when he enlisted in the 3rd Mississippi Cavalry, which became a part of Forrest's command, and then participated in all of its engagements, serving until the end of the war as a lieutenant. He was discharged at Grenada, Miss.

Colonel Withers is survived by his wife, two sons, one daughter, and three sisters.

He was for many years a planter of North Mississippi and a cotton factor at Memphis, Tenn.

SLATER COWART.

Slater Cowart, beloved citizen of Northumberland County, Va., passed away at his home at Cowart, on January 18, 1926, after a lingering illness, aged eighty-three years. He was a Christian gentleman of noble and lofty impulses—honest, conservative, unselfish—and he lives in the hearts of his people. His life was upon a high plane of thought and action.

Comrade Cowart served in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 40th Virginia Regiment, enlisting in September, 1861, and took part in many important engagements of his command, among them being Harper's Ferry, Shepherdstown, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and others. He never doubted the righteousness of the cause for which he fought so valiantly. In the cause of Christ he fought as courageously, as persistently, as conscientiously, and when the last battle was over, he sheathed his sword and lay down to quiet slumbers to await the reward of the faithful.

He was a member of Melrose Methodist Episcopal Church, and was superintendent of the Sunday school there for several years. He was at one time member of the local Board of Review of Northumberland County.

He is survived by his wife, one son, a daughter, and a sister.

Confederate Veteran.

CAPT. JOHN K. ROBERTS.

A personal acquaintance of President Andrew Jackson and a veteran of twenty-seven battles of the War between the States was Capt. John Kelly Roberts, who died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Tom R. Gafford, in Nashville, Tenn., on Sunday morning, January 2. He would have been ninety-one years old on the following day.

It is told that Captain Roberts was the next to the last living man who knew "Old Hickory" personally. As a young boy, he was with his father in a wagon going from Lebanon to Nashville in 1845, when they encountered General Jackson at the gate of the Hermitage, and he had the honor of shaking hands with the ex-President.

John K. Roberts was born on January 3, 1837, in Sumner County, Tenn. He lived on his farm in White County for fifty-six years, retiring ten years ago from active management. Up to the end of his life, however, he was able to keep up active participation in his other interests, including a wide reading on religious subjects.

On December 20, 1926, Captain Roberts and his wife celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. She survives him with six sons and four daughters.

Captain Roberts served the Confederacy throughout the course of the war with the 6th Tennessee Regiment. He took part in twenty-seven battles, and was wounded thirteen times, spending several periods in hospitals in Georgia and Mississippi. He was paroled at Gainesville, Ga., and was the recipient of an honorary citation from the Confederate government for bravery on the field of action.

Six of his nephews served as pallbearers.

RICHARD D. COLLINS.

Taps was sounded for Richard Dillard Collins, aged ninety-one, one of the few veterans of the Confederate army in Henry County, Tenn. The end came at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jennie Brundridge, in Paris, Tenn., in December. Funeral services for "Uncle Dick," as he was best known, were conducted by Capt. P. P. Pullen, Adjutant of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V., at Paris.

Richard D. Collins was born in Virginia, on April 4, 1835, his parents moving to Henry County when he was about nine years of age and locating in the old Fourth Civil District, five miles north of Paris. He had made his home in Henry County since that time. He was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church and a devout Christian citizen, well beloved by a large host of friends and relatives. He was a member of the Fitzgerald-Kendall Camp, U. C. V. His service as a Confederate soldier was with Company G, 7th Tennessee Cavalry.

In 1860, he was married to Miss Angeline Aycock, who preceded him in death many years. To this union were born seven children, three daughters and four sons. In 1885 he was married the second time, to Mrs. Annie Stevens, who died several years ago.

He is survived by two daughters and one son, also by seventeen grandchildren, twenty-two great-grandchildren, and five great-great grandchildren.

RECENT LOSSES IN CAMP NO. 27 U. C. V., COLUMBUS, MISS.

P. O. Loftis, Company G, 12th Mississippi Cavalry, died October 9, 1926.

R. T. Wells, Company A, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, died November 23, 1926.

Hampden Osborne, Company B, 53rd North Carolina Infantry, died December 21, 1926.

[W. A. Love, Adjutant, Columbus, Miss.]

COL. J. B. MALONE.

Col. J. B. Malone, aged eighty-six years, died on January 5, 1927, at his home near Gallatin, Tenn., on the Hartsville road. He had been in declining health for more than a year. He was born at Bethpage, and was one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Sumner County. He was a member of Donelson Bivouac, Confederate Veterans, of Gallatin, and of the Methodist Church.

Colonel Malone was a brave and faithful Confederate soldier and served through the war, returning from the conflict a cripple for life as a result of a wound in battle. He was a member of the famous 2nd Tennessee Infantry.

Subsequent to the war, Colonel Malone became interested in the turf, and developed some fine horses on his place near Gallatin and for many years served as a judge on the racing circuit in the East and Chicago, enjoying a wide acquaintance. After his retirement from the turf, he manifested an active interest in the politics of the Fourth Congressional District, serving at one time as chairman of the district committee.

Surviving him are his wife and two daughters.

He was laid to rest in the Cemetery at Gallatin.

[There is no mention of a "Col. J. B. Malone" in connection with the history of General Bate's old regiment, and the title was evidently of complimentary origin or from some office of the United Confederate Veterans.—EDITOR.]

ANDREW J. CONKLIN.

Andrew J. Conklin, was born in New Orleans, La., April 2, 1836, and died at his home in Vicksburg, Miss., on December 21, 1926, having rounded out a life of more than ninety years. He had been a prominent resident of Vicksburg for many years, locating there with his parents about the middle of the last century, and when Vicksburg was but a small village. He had been connected with various local newspapers of Vicksburg in the past. He went through the four years of War between the States as a soldier of the Confederacy, serving with the Vicksburg Volunteers, and at the close he was lieutenant colonel of the 1st Mississippi Militia. Brave and honorable as a soldier, he was no less worthy as a citizen and did well his part both in public and private life. On his ninetieth anniversary, the Daughters of the Confederacy of Vicksburg showed their appreciation of his citizenship by the gift of a handsome silk umbrella, with which went a card of cordial greetings and the wish that health and happiness would ever be the portion of the "beloved veteran, who is so loyal to the U. D. C. and the Confederate cause."

Comrade Conklin was married to Miss Nannie Powell, who died many years ago, and his later years had been spent with the beloved daughter, Miss Nannie, in Vicksburg. The funeral services were conducted by the rector of Christ Episcopal Church, and he was tenderly laid away to await the resurrection morn.

A. T. WRIGHT.

At his home in Choudrant, La., A. T. Wright died in May, 1926. He would have been eighty-one years old July 4.

On September 15, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army in Saline County, Mo., and his command joined Price's army in Arkansas, where he was attached to Company A, of Pindall's Battalion of Sharpshooters, Parsons's Brigade, Price's army. In October, 1863, he was transferred to Company I, 28th Louisiana Regiment, of Mouton's Brigade, Taylor's army, and served until the surrender. He was never wounded, never captured, and never reported sick during his service; took part in four pitched battles and several skirmishes. He was always proud of the part he had taken in the South's struggle for independence.

GEN. JOHN HARVEY WILSON, U. C. V.

John Harvey Wilson was born in Jennifer, Talladega County, Ala., on January 29, 1845, the son of Hugh Munford Wilson and Mary Ann Persell, of South Carolina. When the tocsin of war was sounded in 1861, he was ready to answer the call, and in February, 1862, at the age of seventeen, he was mustered into service with Company C, 30th Alabama Regiment, commanded by Col. Charles M. Shelley. No braver soldier than John Harvey Wilson fought under the Southern banner.

In the years since the war he was an acknowledged leader in the gray-clad army, and he died honored and beloved by all. He had served the Confederate organization as Brigadier General commanding the 4th Brigade, Alabama Division, U. C. V.; and from 1923 he was Assistant Adjutant General, Army of Tennessee Department, until his death on October 27, 1926, which occurred at the home of his son, C. E. Wilson, in the historic Alexandria Valley.

General Wilson was twice married, his first wife being Miss Ella Hall, of Munford, Ala., and she was the mother of his children. Several years after her death he was happily married to Miss Laura Lee Wheat, of Tuskegee, Ala., who made him a devoted wife and counselor. Three of his sons volunteered in the World War, all winning distinction on the battle field.

To the close of an eventful life his mind held the vigor of intellect undimmed. His integrity, genial manner, and uprightness won the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact. No veteran enjoyed reunion with his old comrades more than he, and he attended regularly until a short time before death. He loved the Confederate cause and all the traditions of the old South. In death he wore his beloved Confederate gray, and the gray casket was enshrouded with the Stars and Bars he had loved so well.

W. C. COOPER.

W. C. Cooper, a resident of Waco, Tex., for the last fifty-two years, died there recently at the age of eighty-four years, after a short illness. He is survived by a daughter and four sons.

Born in Clarksville, Tenn., W. C. Cooper served as a soldier of the Confederacy in the 49th Tennessee Regiment, Waller's Division, Hood's Brigade, Stewart's Corps. He enlisted at the age of eighteen, at the beginning of hostilities, and served to the end.

Going to Texas soon after the close of war, he located at Waco in 1875, and became one of the prominent citizens of the community and section, being identified with the growth and development of the city. He served several terms as city secretary and was widely and favorably known. He was a man of most generous impulses, untiring in his efforts to aid



GEN. J. H. WILSON

others. He was a charter member of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Waco, and ever loyal to the cause which he had given four years of his young life.

OSCAR M. DAVIS.

With the death of Oscar M. Davis, of Smyrna, Tenn., on January 18, the last of the immediate family of Sam Davis, Tennessee's boy hero, has passed away. Though too young a boy at the time to be a soldier, this little brother had a pathetic connection with bringing the body of Sam Davis back to the old home for burial. With a kind neighbor, Mr. John M. Kennedy, he drove to Pulaski through the war-torn country to secure the body of his soldier brother, which was later interred in the old garden of the country home near Smyrna. Shortly after this he joined the army, and gave his service as a gallant Confederate to the end of the war.

Oscar Davis then returned home and spent the remainder of his life on the old farm, which came to him in course of years from the father who had taught him to love to cultivate the soil. For a short time he engaged in the mercantile business, but most of his life was spent on the farm, and he left home only for occasional visits to neighboring towns. In his later years he was a great reader, and he maintained a keen interest in State, national, and world affairs.

Mr. Davis was a devout member of the Methodist Church. His wife was Miss Ida King, of Smyrna, and she survives him with three sons.

It is a coincidence that the death of Mr. Davis came so close with that of Dr. W. K. Hibbett, of Nashville, his brother-in-law, and one of the leading physicians of Nashville. They had married sisters.

TAM BROOKS.

Tam Brooks was born on the headwaters of the famous Chickamauga (River of Death) in Walker County, Ga., twenty miles south of Chattanooga, Tenn., November 9, 1845. He joined Company E of the 3rd Confederate Regiment of Cavalry in the spring of 1862. At the time this organization formed a part of the brigade of Gen. Tom Harrison, Wharton's Division, Wheeler's Corps, serving in Tennessee and Kentucky. Tam Brooks was captured at the battle of Chickamauga and taken to Camp Morton prison at Indianapolis, Ind. He escaped from this prison on November 14, 1864. An account of his escape from prison was published a few years ago in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. He made his way to the South with great difficulty and served in a company of scouts at Dahlonega, Ga., and in front of Chattanooga, until the surrender. Comrade Brooks came to Hill County, Tex., in April, 1867, where he had resided ever since, being one of the county's most respected citizens, devoted to its best interests, and enjoying the friendship and confidence of all.

He was married May 5, 1872, to Miss Dora Smith, and reared four children, two sons and two daughters. In addition he is survived by seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He was a faithful and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church.

He was an outstanding example of that old Southern type of gentleman, who enthroned in his heart every woman as a queen and thought his wife the greatest gift with which God had endowed him and his children a sacred trust, to be trained for God's own special use.

Mr. Brooks died in the early morning of December 19, after a short illness, at his home in Leander, Tex.

[J. H. Faubion, President Williamson County, U. C. V. Association.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, President General
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va.....First Vice President General

MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa.....Second Vice President General
186 Bethlehem Pike

MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex.....Third Vice President General

MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala.....Recording Secretary General

MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La....Corresponding Secretary General
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va.....Treasurer General
Rural Route No. 2

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky.....Historian General
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert

MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St Louis, Mo.....Registrar General
5330 Pershing

MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C.....Custodian of Crosses

MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md....Custodian of Flags and Pennants

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to Mrs. A. C. Forc, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: May the inspiration of the Jefferson Davis convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Richmond in November, 1926, be of lasting benefit along all lines of our endeavor; but particularly do we hope that it may be far-reaching concerning those things undertaken in the name of, and intended to especially honor, that great statesman for whom the convention was named.

Let us during the year emphasize the purposes of the departments devoted to the name and fame of Mr. Davis.

1. In the historical work of the Chapters may no opportunity be neglected to study and to teach the life and services of Jefferson Davis, his services as a great American statesman and soldier.

It is particularly interesting to record that we are in touch with a gentleman of France who has read recent historical articles on Jefferson Davis published in current magazines, and who writes expressing his interest in the War between the States, and requesting special information on the "War and the Confederate Army." He also requests bibliography, biographies, portraits, etc.

In taking up with this student of history, probably a historian himself, matters Confederate and in referring him to our work in Paris, the library there, and the Confederate material at his hand, we feel that an opportunity has been given us of advancing the truth of the great Southern cause.

2. The Jefferson Davis Highway. Let us keep this undertaking constantly before us, keeping in touch with the condition of the highway in our own State, marking it and beautifying it continually.

The first news of the year which has come to this office in regard to this enterprise comes from Louisiana, where we find Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of the Louisiana Division, and her Daughters pushing the work. They have purchased three marble markers, one the gift of Mrs. Youree, the others to be given by Chapters and individuals. They have pledged to complete marking the Highway at the Louisiana-Mississippi and Louisiana-Texas lines.

3. Miss Decca Lamar West, from her sick bed in a sanatorium in Richmond, is attending to the final plans concerning the boulder to Jefferson Davis at Point Isabel, Tex. With the unveiling of this memorial the work will be recorded as completed.

4. The committee authorized by the convention in Richmond to have charge of the Historical Foundation and to push this to a successful completion has been appointed. The committee, according to the action of that convention, will be known as the Committee on Jefferson Davis Historical

Foundation, and the object will be to raise a sum of thirty thousand dollars with which historical work may be done by the organization. Committee: Mrs. John Francis Weinmann, of Little Rock, Ark., chairman; Mrs. Sallie Lucas Loggins, Greenwood, Miss.; Miss Annie Mann, Petersburg, Va.; Mrs. John H. Anderson, Fayetteville, N. C.; Mrs. Oscar McKenzie, Montezuma, Ga.

This work will be done through directors in the various Divisions.

It is a matter of great regret that the names of these directors, in the majority of cases, were received too late to be published in the Minutes, as the by-laws provide that all material for the Minutes must be in the hands of the printers by January 1. This is very unfortunate, but a determined effort has been made to get the Minutes to the Chapters on time, which required that the printers be handed the material on time.

A request comes from the Recording Secretary General, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala., that all applications for charters for new Chapters be accompanied by a typewritten list of applicants in order to insure the correct spelling of names on the charter. It is realized that each application paper must be signed by the applicant in her own handwriting, but accompanying these individual applications is requested the typed list.

It is hoped that Division Presidents will bear this in mind.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with an intense realization of the loss we have sustained that we record the passing of our dear friend and co-laborer, Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Wytheville, Va., who died in December, 1926.

Her brilliant mind, delightful personality, her fine sense of humor, which was both kind and friendly, made her one to be highly esteemed, loved, and honored. Coming of a family distinguished in the military and civil annals of her State and country, she contributed her part to its renown. As Historian General, U. D. C., she gave generously of her brilliant mind and her facile pen. She served when and where she was needed with a readiness and ability which doubled her value. When a strong committee of brightest minds was needed, she was one of the foremost to be selected.

Last year, putting aside her own sorrow and personal preference, she assisted with the work of the Committee on the History of the U. D. C., and remained able and forceful to the last.

While we fully estimate her loss to us, it is not in our hearts to bemoan her going to renew the loving companionship on the other shore.

To our First Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, we extend our deepest sympathy in the death of her father and mother. Mrs. Byrne was called home from Richmond where she was attending the convention, as her duty demanded, by the unexpected death of her father, and in a few weeks he was joined by his loving and devoted wife. In this great grief which has come to our beloved fellow worker, we wish her to realize that she is in the minds and hearts of the women of this organization, and their prayers and sympathy are hers.

To Mrs. B. M. Hoover, President of the West Virginia Division, U. D. C., we express tenderest solicitude upon the death of her father, on December 5, 1926.

The ties that bind together the women of this organization are strong and enduring, and especially in times of sorrow and affliction is this realized. It is, therefore, our prayer that those among us who are going through the deep waters may be sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust in Him who does not willingly afflict.

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Kentucky.—To the Kentucky Division an announcement most pleasing is that a beacon light is to be placed upon the Jefferson Davis shaft at Fairview, by order of Secretary Herbert Hoover. The shaft, three hundred and fifty-one feet in height, is on the direct line of the air service, and will thus become a landmark both night and day.

Mrs. Lucian G. Maltby, President of the Kentucky Division, as guest of the Lexington Chapter's meeting in December, gave an inspiring account of the constructive work of the U. D. C. and the growth in Chapters and members.

Many of the Kentucky Chapters contributed to the comfort and Christmas cheer of the sixty-one honored veterans in gray at the Confederate Home, Pewee Valley. The annual box from each Chapter contained gifts selected with affectionate care for the aged inmates, many of whom are confined to their beds. Cards of personal greeting, victrola records, tobacco, candy, pictures, magazines, and flower bulbs were among the things in Santa's pack for the inmates this time.

The Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, at Frankfort, celebrated New Year's Day with a meeting at which the hostess was Mrs. Elizabeth R. Redmon and Mrs. G. D. Fendley. The feature of the occasion was an address by Mrs. W. T. Fowler on "New Year's Day of the Sixties." Miss Annie Belle Fogg is President of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter.

* * *

Missouri.—Mrs. M. C. Duggins, of Slater, Mo., was recently appointed by Gov. Sam Baker as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Home at Higginsville. Mrs. Duggins is the first woman to hold a position on this board, taking the place of Col. Joseph F. Duvall, of Richmond, who passed away recently. This appointment meets with State-wide approval of the U. D. C. Chapters. Mrs. Duggins is chairman of the "Men and Women of the Sixties," and does much to make life happy at the Home.

There was a joyous Christmas at the Home. Each Chapter in the State contributed gifts of various kinds, responding heartily to the request sent out by Mrs. Duggins that this might be the "best Christmas" at the Home.

The five Chapters of Kansas City joined in giving a dinner to the members of Camp No. 80 and their wives on December 4. Mrs. Charles H. Boyne, sponsor of the Camp, had charge of the arrangements for the splendid dinner served and the musical program. The regular business meeting of the Camp

closed a most delightful afternoon; about one hundred guests were present.

Mrs. Bayne presented the annual gift from the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, a box of candy to the veterans and their wives at the January meeting of the Camp.

Mrs. W. L. Baldwin was hostess of the George Edward Pickett Chapter on December 13. After the regular business meeting, a short memorial service was given in memory of Mrs. Virgil Jaudon, who passed away a few days before. Mrs. Jaudon was a member of the Dixie Chapter, having served faithfully and well as President of her Chapter for two years, and she will be greatly missed by the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Confederate veterans, who loved her. She had a brilliant mind, a loyal heart, and was a true Southern woman, always a leader, and her Christian influence will be long remembered and greatly missed.

At the social hour arranged by Mrs. Baldwin and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, President of the Chapter, Dr. John F. Vines, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, and Mrs. Vines, who recently came to Kansas City from Roanoke, Va., were the honor guests. Dr. Vines gave a splendid address, after which refreshments were served.

* * *

Illinois.—The seventeenth annual convention of the Illinois Division was held at the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago, October 13, 1926. Under the leadership of its beloved President, Mrs. D. J. Carter, excellent reports of the year's work were given and well-laid plans for future usefulness and growth were outlined. Every obligation to the general organization and to the Division had been met promptly by the Chapters, and enthusiasm and optimism were the keynotes of the convention.

The Dixie Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, under its capable Director, Mrs. John C. Jacobs, a Past President of Illinois Division, presented a most pleasing report. This Chapter is perhaps unique in that it is sponsored by two Chapters, U. D. C., holding its membership through both the Chicago Chapter and the Stonewall Chapter. In this report of the children's work, it was announced that a bazaar would be given by the Dixie Chapter early in December, that the articles for sale would be made largely by the children themselves, and that the entire proceeds would be donated to the Mrs. Norman V. Randolph Relief Fund for Needy Confederate Women. Evidently this worthy cause appealed to the love and to the imagination of the children, for they worked diligently and on Saturday, December 11, held a most successful bazaar at the home of Mrs. Jacobs, which netted them, above all expenses, \$50. This amount they turned over promptly to the Illinois chairman for Confederate Women's Relief, and a check was mailed to the Treasurer General.

When pledges were called for on the floor of the convention at Richmond, Va., for this relief fund, Mrs. Carter, Illinois President, pledged \$50 for the Division (\$25 from each of its two Chapters) and \$5 from the Dixie Chapter, C. of C., and now the children have eclipsed the older Chapters, not only being the first to redeem their pledge, but raising the amount from \$5 to \$50, that some dear old lady might have a happier Christmas thereby.

In addition to the two U. D. C. Chapters and the Children's Chapter, Chicago has a Camp of Confederate Veterans and a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, which latter Camp was organized most auspiciously last year, largely through the initiative of Mrs. Carter and the U. D. C.

Officers for Illinois Division for 1927 are: President, Mrs. D. J. Carter; First Vice President, Mrs. Howard A. Hoeing;

Second Vice President, Mrs. M. P. Black; Recording Secretary, Miss Ida F. Powell; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. H. Epps; Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Abernathy; Historian, Mrs. F. O. Potter, Registrar, Mrs. C. H. Cook; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Mary Lee Behan; and three Directors—Mesdames Cecil Prince, H. I. Randby, and A. O. Simpson.

* * *

Maryland.—Miss Sally Washington Maupin has been appointed State Editor of the Maryland Division.

Mrs. William Buchanan, President of Baltimore Chapter, has recently received a donation of \$200 from a resident of New York, and the son of a deceased Daughter of the Confederacy, with the proviso that his name be withheld. This amount has been forwarded to Mrs. Bradley T. Johnson for the Maryland room at the Confederate Museum, at Richmond, Va.

Committees of Baltimore Chapter had the distribution of Christmas cheer to Confederate widows and veterans, whose thin gray line grows noticeably less before each occasion.

Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, of Hagerstown, held an interesting meeting in December, when reports of the Division and general U. D. C. convention were received.

A paper on the life of Woodrow Wilson was read by Mrs. Margaret Grosh, and arrangements were made pertaining to the sending of Christmas stockings to Confederate veterans in the community.

* * *

Louisiana.—The Louisiana Division brought happiness to the inmates of the Confederate Home, New Orleans, when, on Wednesday, December 29, the members gathered there for their annual Christmas celebration, under the direction of the Custodian, Mrs. Feeny Rice, who, as custodian, represents the U. D. C. throughout the State. A turkey dinner was served in the main dining room of the Home, beautifully decorated with holly and evergreens sent by Camp Moore Chapter, Tangipahoa. Dinner was served also in the Infirmary, as many of the inmates were sick, and this building had also been made cheerful by decorations and a Christmas tree.

Later a program was given in the Infirmary and presents distributed. Mrs. L. U. Babin, President of the Division, came from Baton Rouge to greet the veterans and to bring them the message ever new: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Fitzhugh Lee Chapter gave a luncheon at the Bienville Hotel on Thursday, December 30, in honor of the President of the Louisiana Division, Mrs. L. U. Babin. Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid was toast mistress, and Mrs. E. L. Rugg, President of the Chapter, gave the welcome address. The speakers of the occasion were prominent members of the Division.

The second meeting of the Executive Board of the Division was held in the Memorial Hall, New Orleans, on Friday, December 31, with Mrs. L. U. Babin, President, presiding. Much important business was transacted. The President told of progress made in marking the Jefferson Davis Highway, and urged the members to work hard for the completion of the State boundary markers.

Natchitoches Chapter was hostess at a beautiful reception on December 7, at the home of Mrs. W. T. Williams, on Cane Lake. This reception was given in honor of Mrs. Fred Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General, who spoke of the work of the U. D. C. and told of the convention at Richmond.

Leesville Chapter also entertained in honor of Mrs. Kolman, on December 8, at the home of Mrs. L. B. Pitre. A splendid program was given. Mrs. Kolman again told of the conven-

tion at Richmond, bringing a message from Mrs. Babin, President of Louisiana Division.

In the death of Miss Mattie Belle McGrath, of Baton Rouge, which occurred early in December, Louisiana has been called to record the loss of her third Past President within the year, Miss Doriska Gautreaux and Mrs. Pinckney Smith having preceded her.

* * *

Virginia.—It is with profound sorrow that we report the death of Mrs. A. A. Campbell, which occurred at her home in Wytheville, Va., on November 24. Mrs. Campbell was Past President of the Division, and Past Historian General, U. D. C. Her great intellectual power, her splendid Christian character, and her devotion to the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy have long made her an outstanding figure in the work of her State, and her loss will be keenly felt.

The annual meeting of the Executive Board of the Virginia Division was held at the Jefferson Hotel, Richmond, January 11, Mrs. A. C. Ford, President, presiding. This was a most successful meeting and much business was transacted.

Lee Chapter held a night meeting on Friday, January 7, so that all business and professional women, members of the Chapter, might attend and thereby familiarize themselves with the work of the Chapter. Afterwards a social hour was enjoyed.

This Chapter also gave the veterans and the women at the Confederate Home a dinner during the Christmas holidays. This was in addition to the regular monthly entertainments given both Homes.

New members are coming in at every meeting, and Lee Chapter is active in all work of the Virginia Division.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General.*

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS

U. D. C. Program for February.

The historical program for this year will take up the members of the Confederate Congresses. Each month the State Historians will have a general article in the VETERAN dealing with the State's representatives.

The Historian of the Mississippi Division, Miss Mary Ratliff, of Raymond, Miss., has sent brief sketches of the State's representatives, all interesting and valuable, but as a whole a little too long for this space. It is not the intention of your historical committee composed of the State Historians, with the Historian General as chairman, to completely cover all the topic each month, but to indicate to the membership of the organization where material may be found. Each historian will make her work as complete as possible and will add to it during the year, when, if a sufficient amount is sent in, it will be compiled and published in one volume. We greatly desire a good list of reference books for this course, and the members are asked to send them to the Historian General at any time during the year. A list of unpublished material is also wanted that it may be catalogued.

Miss Ratliff refers especially to two books, "Mississippi," by Dr. Dunbar Rowland, and "Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians," by Gen. Reuben Davis.

MISSISSIPPI—SECEDED JANUARY 9, 1861.

The Constitutional Convention of Mississippi of January, 1861, passed the ordinance of secession and a State constitution conformatory to that act, also ordained that the delegation of Mississippi in the Congress of the United States should represent the commonwealth in any Congress that might be organized by the seceding States.

Those who did serve, however, were elected under the provisions of the Constitution of the Confederate States.

The Confederate States Congressmen from Mississippi served in the Provisional Congress, beginning at Montgomery in February and April, 1861, and at Richmond, Va., in July, September (one day), and November of that year. The final adjournment of the Provisional Congress was on February 17, 1862.

During that period the Mississippi delegation consisted of Wiley P. Harris, Walker Brooke, William S. Wilson, William S. Barry, James T. Harrison, Alexander M. Clayton (admitted February and resigned in May), J. P. Campbell, Jehu A. Orr (admitted April 29, 1861), and Alexander B. Bradford (admitted December 5, 1861).

In the committee organizations of the Provisional Congress, Mississippians held the following places: Judge Alexander M. Clayton, chairman of Judiciary Committee; Walker Brooke, chairman of Patents, and also a member of committee on organization of executive department; William S. Barry, of the Finance Committee, Judiciary and Public Lands; James T. Harrison, Postal Affairs and Printing; William S. Wilson, Patents; J. A. P. Campbell, Territories and Accounts.

The Mississippi delegation in the first Congress of the Confederate States were: Albert G. Brown and James Phelan, Senators. Ethelbert Barksdale, John J. McRae, J. W. Clapp, Israel Welsh, Otho R. Singleton, Reuben Davis, Henry C. Chambers, and William D. Holder, Representatives.

During the second Congress Albert G. Brown and John W. C. Watson were Senators, with the same Representatives as the first, with the exception of John J. McRae, whose place was taken by John T. Lamkin.

On account of limited library facilities, sketches of all could not be secured, and on account of the very limited space for this article, only a few words can be said of any one, by which some inspiration may be gained to study the very interesting lives of all of them.

PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY 1927.

FEBRUARY.

Locate on the map Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy. Richmond, the second capital. Tell something of each city. Trace a route between the two.

Read "Selling a Dog," by Irwin Russell. Library of Southern Literature, Volume X, 4622.

Catechism on Confederate States of America, based on "U. D. C. Catechism for Children," by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (1912), revised and enlarged (1926) by Miss Decca Lamar West in honor and loving memory of Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone.

Questions and answers will be printed each month, and it is hoped that every member of a Chapter of Children of the Confederacy will memorize all of them.

C. OF C. CATECHISM, FEBRUARY.

1. What great leader in the Northern army owned slaves? Gen. U. S. Grant, who continued to live on their hire and

service until the close of the war and after the emancipation proclamation had been published.

2. When the Northern States had sold their slaves to the South, what did they then do?

They organized a party to oppose slavery, called the Abolition Party, which advocated all means to abolish slavery, with no intention of paying the people of the South for their property.

3. When did the South become alarmed?

At the election of Abraham Lincoln by this party, which was pledged to take away the slaves and offer no terms of payment to the owners.

4. Were the leading statesmen of the South opposed to the Union?

No; certainly not.

5. Name some of the leading men of the South who were strong Union men and did all in their power to prevent secession?

Henry Clay (Kentucky), Jefferson Davis (Mississippi), Alexander H. Stephens (Georgia), Col. Robert E. Lee (United States army), Gen. Sam Houston (Texas), and many others.

6. Why then did the North teach that the South opposed the Union?

Partly through misunderstanding of the South's position and chiefly through "political propaganda." (Directors explain and expand this.)

7. When and how did Jefferson Davis publicly proclaim his loyalty to the Union and its ideals?

In his matchless farewell address to the United States Senate after Mississippi had seceded.

U. D. C. PIN.—Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, of Richmond, Va., reports that on the closing night of the convention in Richmond, a handsome, new Confederate pin was handed to her in an envelope marked, "Found by Mrs. J. B. Goode, Rocky Mount, N. C.," but no response has come to a letter sent there. She will be glad to send the pin to anyone making claim and describing accurately. Address her at 218 North Shafer Street, Richmond.

A GIFT BOOK.—The Welby Carter Chapter, U. D. C., will give an autographed copy of "Christmas in Dixie During the War between the States," by Mrs. A. J. Ellis, Historian Johnston-Pettigrew Chapter, Raleigh, N. C., to any C. of C. Chapter sending five cents to defray mailing expense. This charming little story gives Mrs. Ellis's personal recollections of those times. Send stamps to Miss M. D. Carter, Historian U. D. C., Upperville, Va.

AN INTERESTING RECORD.—William and Mary Waller, of Roane County, Tenn., had nine children, none of whom died under sixty-five years of age. Their son, John B. Waller, had five sons and three sons-in-law in the Confederate army. Carr Waller, his brother, had four sons and four sons-in-law in the same army. Their brothers, Edmond and Henry, each had two sons in the Confederate army. Of the twenty soldiers, all but three returned home. The land granted to George Waller, Sr., for services in the Revolutionary War still remains the property of the Waller family in Roane County.—Contributed by Mrs. E. O. Wells, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON.....	<i>President General</i>
209 Fourteenth Street, N. W., Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
1640 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	
MISS SUE H. WALKER.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MRS. E. L. MERRY.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
4317 Butler Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD.....	<i>Historian General</i>
Athens, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
College Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.....	<i>Poet Laureate General</i>
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
Montgomery, Ala.	
REV. GILES B. COOKE.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>
Mathews, Va.	



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ARKANSAS—Fayetteville	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
WASHINGTON, D. C.	Mrs. D. H. Fred
FLORIDA—Pensacola	Mrs. Horace L. Simpson
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jean D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....	Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
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VIRGINIA—Richmond.....	Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	Mrs. Thomas H. Harvey

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, *Editor*, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

THE C. S. M. A. IN 1927.

My Dear Coworkers: Just now seems to be an appropriate time to again call your attention and to ask your interest and coöperation in the success which is ultimately assured in the completion at an early date of the imperishable monument on Stone Mountain to our immortal heroes of the Confederacy. Your President General was fortunate enough to have attended the last two meetings in the year 1926 of the Stone Mountain Monumental Association, where every report made indicated rapid progress at a minimum cost. The report that twenty trainloads of granite had been removed from the face of the mountain since early summer, leaving only a small part to be finished, when Mr. Lukeman would begin work on the figures of Davis, Lee, and Jackson, brought the realization that success was truly a matter of less than two years. That the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine being erected in New York City, after ten years of building, is not yet half completed brings a thrill of happy anticipation to every soul who loved and revered our peerless leaders. Let us redouble our efforts as C. S. M. A. workers, and send to our efficient chairman, Mrs. N. B. Forrest, Decatur Road, or to Mrs. T. J. Hight, our Financial Secretary, at Fayetteville, Ark., a contribution, for not one Memorial Association but will want to have some part, no matter how small, in making possible this work that shall tell to ages yet unborn the story of the heroic sacrifices of a people who gave all in defense of a cause which they knew to be just.

THE CHILDREN'S FOUNDERS ROLL.

Time is short until the reunion and our C. S. M. A. Convention at Tampa, Fla., in April, and not only will the Junior Memorials, but every mother of a Junior will want the privilege of having the names of each of her little family inscribed in the great book designed for perpetuating the names of the loyal descendants of our Confederate ancestors. Miss Willie Fort Williams, Juniper Street, near Eleventh Street, Atlanta, who is the General Chairman, has been ill, but is now recovered, and extremely anxious to be able to make a good report to the convention. Do send to her your one dollar each for the junior members of your family, and let the children feel that they truly have a part and a name that will pass on to the future ages with Stone Mountain. No stronger incentive could be given them than to realize that they, too, are doing their bit in helping to make possible this greatest of all monuments. Do not delay if you want the joy of knowing that you, too, lent what aid you could.

THE TAMPA REUNION.

Plans are going forward for one of the most splendid reunions yet held. Tampa realizes that this is her very last opportunity of honoring the fast-decreasing ranks of our beloved heroes, and when Tampa swings wide her gates, no more joyous Southern welcome ever could be accorded in honor than will this wonderful city of progress extend to our Confederate veterans and visitors. Our C. S. M. A. expects to open our convention on the afternoon of April 4, continuing through the 8th, and full announcements will be made in March issue of the VETERAN. The usual low railroad rates are promised, and with the many new hotels erected during the past three years, ample accommodations are promised all who attend.

* * *

The friends of our beloved Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, are sympathizing with her in the desperate illness of her brother.

Mrs. William A. Wright, President for Georgia, and also President Atlanta Ladies Memorial Association, is rapidly recovering from injuries sustained in a severe fall, in November, and we hope to see her at the reunion in Tampa.

* * *

Your President General is spending some time in Florida, dividing her time between Daytona Beach, Bartow, Tampa, and Lakeland, and sends loving greetings and happy anticipations of seeing many of you personally at Tampa.

Again may we ask that you send to our new editor of the C. S. M. A. page in the VETERAN, Mrs. Mary Forrest Bradley, any news items or bits of unwritten history. She will greatly appreciate your coöperation, and you will be rendering to our organization a real service, always bearing in mind the fact that the work is yours, dependent upon you, and will prosper as you give your help.

Cordially,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

A SOUTHERN MOTHER.—In an old book on "Confederate Generals: Who They Are and What They Have Done," is given a little incident in the life of Gen. Leonidas Polk which was typical of the attitude of the patriotic women of the South. The author says: "General Polk told me an affecting story of a poor widow, in humble circumstances, whose three sons had fallen in battle one after the other. She had only one left, a boy of sixteen. So distressing was her case that the

General went himself to comfort her. She looked steadily at him, and replied to his condolences by saying: 'As soon as I can get a few things together, General, you shall have Harry, too.' The tears came into General Polk's eyes as he related this incident, which he concluded by saying: 'How can you subdue such a nation as this?'"

A CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

BY COL. HOBART AISQUITH, BALTIMORE, MD.

I think it was in the winter of 1864 that our regiment, the 1st Maryland Cavalry, C. S. A., was in camp at Hanover Junction, which was only a few miles from the residence of General Wickham. We were ordered to saddle up and go as quickly as possible to the relief of General Wickham's brigade, which was driven back by a superior force of the enemy. When we arrived on the line of battle, he had been driven back immediately in front of his own house, and his mother, with her two beautiful granddaughters, was standing on the front porch, and we, being between the enemy and his house, the balls were spattering uncomfortably thick around those three ladies. Colonel Dorsey, of our regiment, asked me to ride over to General Wickham and ask him to send us a regiment, as we badly needed support. General Wickham told me that we would have to do the best we could as he didn't have men enough for himself, but "ride down to the house and tell my mother and the young ladies that I command them to go into the house." Mrs. Wickham drew herself up as only a Virginia woman of those days could, and said to me: "Go and tell General Wickham that he may command the men of the South, but he does not command the women of the South, and we will stand here and die with you until you whip those Yankees. Go and do it." I wheeled my horse and, without going to General Wickham, rode down to my own regiment, and said: "Boys, Mrs. Wickham says that she and the girls will stand there and die unless we whip those Yankees. Let's do it."

Anyone living in those days and knowing the 1st Maryland Cavalry did not doubt that it was one of the best regiments in the Confederate army. The regiment charged, and Wickham's brigade also charged with us, and I think we ran those Yankees for five miles.

I understood that the Secretary of War sent General Wickham a very complimentary letter upon his generalship and bravery in whipping so superior a force. I thought then and still think that that letter should have been addressed to his mother, Mrs. William Fauring Wickham.

TO FRANK L. STANTON

The Singer of the South in silence sleeps,
His busy pen is stilled, and kindly hands
No longer heed the sleeper's own commands,
For he his final tryst, with Death, now keeps.
The long, sweet life is spent, now comes the end,
He found it ever good and loved it well,
And so he goes to sing where angels dwell,
Where all the wounds of life begin to mend.

Such rest is his as came to those before
Who sang their lovely songs in other days
And went their ways to join the choirs divine;
And he who loved the music of the yore
Now hears the chorus of eternal praise
Amid the glories of that life benign.

—J. B. Calvert Nicklin, in the Lookout.

A FAREWELL.

Adieu, sweet friends, I have waited long
To hear the message that calls me home,
And now it comes as a low, sweet song
Of welcome over the river's foam;
And my heart shall ache and my feet shall roam
No more, no more; I am going home,

Where no storm, where no tempest raves
In the light of the calm, eternal day;
Where no willows weep over lonely graves,
And the tears from our eyelids are kissed away;
And my soul shall sigh and my feet shall roam
No more, no more; I am going home.

The last message of Frank L. Stanton, beloved Georgia poet, to the friends who had made this world for him a beautiful place in which to live. These friends were in countless numbers all over this country, people who had been helped by his kindly philosophy of life as expressed in his contributions to the daily press and charmed by the tender sentiment of those "songs which gushed from his heart." The column headed "Just from Georgia," in the *Atlanta Constitution*, which he had filled for over thirty-five years is now given to other material, for the sweet singer of the South has gone home. On January 8 he heard the call "over the river's foam," and his beautiful farewell message was found among the papers he left. Though a native of South Carolina, born in Charleston, February 22, 1857, the greater part of his life had been spent in Georgia and he was known as the "Georgia poet." His father, Valentine Stanton, was a soldier of the Confederacy, and his gifted son gave his meed to the South in his contribution to her literature.

ONE OF THE "TWELVE."—In renewing his subscription, Robert B. Seat, of Pewee Valley, Ky., who served with the 12th Kentucky Cavalry, Forrest's Corps, refers to Captain Dinkins's article in the January VETERAN on "Forrest's Wonderful Achievements" as "another one of his splendid letters," saying further: "I have read every one, and no one, I dare say, could be more entertaining or scrupulously correct in detail than Captain Dinkins. He tells it as it happened. I was captured inside the Federal lines in November, 1862, and exchanged at City Point in May, 1863. After a week or ten days in the hospital at Richmond, I was given transportation to Mississippi, where I expected to find Forrest. I made my way across the Charleston Railroad into the Federal lines to get a mount. In West Tennessee I found Faulkner and enlisted in his battalion; in August it was organized into the 12th Kentucky, and I was with it until captured at Selma, Ala., Sunday, April 2, 1865. I am proud of the fact that I am one of the 'twelve,' if only so few are yet 'in the land.' . . . I happened in the Crescent City at the time of the White League fracas, when the carpetbaggers and police were put on the run."

Thanks for the soil's brave lesson! Where the humblest daisies nod
Each breath is praise, all perfect, each bloom is a thought of God!
And the world shall wear a garland of the Harvests' gold and white
Till toil is done and the reapers shall sing Life's last "Good night!"

—Frank L. Stanton.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

LUCIUS L. MOSS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, LAKE CHARLES, LA.

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JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C.	<i>Inspector in Chief</i>
JOHN A. CHUMBLEY, Washington, D. C.	<i>Judge Advocate in Chief</i>
DR. W. H. SCUDDER, Mayersville, Miss.	<i>Surgeon in Chief</i>
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MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, 821 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.	<i>Historian in Chief</i>
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EDMOND R. WILES, Little Rock, Ark.	Army of Trans-Mississippi

All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

VARIED INTERESTS OF THE S. C. V.

COMMANDER LEE MAKES DRIVE FOR NEW MEMBERS.

John A. Lee, Commander of the Central Division, S. C. V., 208 North Wells Street, Chicago, Ill., is very anxious to increase the membership of his Division, comprising the States of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Commander Lee requests the Veterans, Daughters, and all members of the Son's organization residing in these States to coöperate with him in a drive to increase the membership of his Division. You are requested to mail Commander Lee the name and address of any eligible son of a Confederate veteran.

APPEALS FOR THE MANASSAS BATTLE FIELD PARK.

Nathan Bedford Forrest, Past Commander, and for a great number of years Adjutant in Chief, Sons of Confederate Veterans, in a letter to the present Commander in Chief, Lucius L. Moss, Lake Charles, La., suggests that an appeal be made to the whole South to contribute to the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park fund. Past Commander Forrest suggests that subscription blanks be printed and mailed to every Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp Commander for the purpose of their securing a donation from every interested Southerner.

The organization owes only \$5,000 of the purchase price of \$25,000 on the land it has acquired, and Past Commander Forrest believes one thousand men can be reached who will give \$5 each. The balance of \$5,000 to be paid on the land is in the form of a note, and is due June 1, 1927.

ANOTHER STERLING SON GONE.

On December 17, 1926, Col. E. B. White, of Leesburg, Va., died. For several years Colonel White had been treasurer and a liberal supporter of the Manassas Battle Field Confederate Park organization, struggling to build on the famous battle fields of Manassas, or Bull Run, a great memorial to all who fought there with special emphasis in honor of the Confederates. The organization is in litigation to save its charter against what is believed to be an unconstitutional law, and owes only \$5,000 of the purchase price of \$25,000 on the land it has acquired for this great Confederate symbol. Colonel White, through his bank, of which he was president, carried that \$5,000; but since his death the bank demands the



DIVISION COMMANDERS.

DR. W. E. QUIN, Fort Payne.	Alabama
DR. MORGAN SMITH, Little Rock.	Arkansas
JOHN A. LEE, 208 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill.	Central Division
ELTON O. PILLOW, 2413 North Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.	District of Columbia and Maryland
SILAS W. FRY, 245 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.	Eastern Division
JOHN Z. REARDON, Tallahassee.	Florida
DR. W. R. DANCY, Savannah.	Georgia
J. E. KELLER, 1109 Fincastle Road, Lexington.	Kentucky
JOSEPH ROY PRICE, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.	
ROBERT E. LEE, 3124 Locust Street, St. Louis.	Missouri
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L. A. MORTON, Duncan, Okla.	Oklahoma
A. D. MARSHALL, 1804 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington	Pacific Division
REID ELKINS, Greenville.	South Carolina
J. L. HIGHSAW, Memphis.	Tennessee
LON S. SMITH, Austin.	Texas
R. G. LAMKIN, Roanoke.	Virginia
E. L. BELL, Lewisburg.	West Virginia

money. The situation is, therefore, critical. Shall we Sons see that great work forever lost for the pitiful sum of \$5,000? But the enterprise is on the very verge of ruin, when \$5,000 will save it. Will the South see the inevitable come? Moments are precious, if you will help.

Colonel White was State Senator, and for many years Commander of his Division and he fought the unconstitutional law vigorously when it was on its passage in the Virginia legislature. This Department joins in the grief every Son must feel in the going of Colonel White.

MEMORIAL TO GENERAL FORREST.

Nathan Bedford Forrest has been characterized—

By Robert E. Lee as "the most remarkable genius produced in the Confederate army, and a man that I never saw."

By Theodore Roosevelt as "the most remarkable man produced in either the Union or Confederate armies."

By George Creel as "the Gray Ghost of the South, whose terrible harassing embarrassed the Union forces beyond their expectations."

By one of Europe's greatest military strategists as "the greatest cavalry leader of all times."

These characterizations of Nathan Bedford Forrest could be multiplied without limit.

A memorial befitting this great leader of the Southern cause is planned to be placed where, by every show of reason, it should be, at his birthplace, Chapel Hill, Tenn.

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Chapel Hill have been appointed to raise sufficient funds to supplement a like fund appropriated by an act of the legislature of the State of Tennessee for the purchase of the house site of the birthplace of General Forrest and here erect a fitting memorial to this matchless leader.

LOUISIANA TOWN TO HONOR FAITHFUL SERVANTS.

The second statue erected in the South to the memory of the devoted negro of ante-bellum days has just been completed and is to be dedicated early this spring in the quaint and historic little Louisiana town of Natchitoches. The bronze figure, executed by Hans Schuler, the Baltimore sculptor, is over life size and represents an old negro standing respectfully, hat in hand. The inscription on the limestone base will read:

"ERECTED BY THE CITY OF NATCHITOCHES
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION
OF THE ARDUOUS AND FAITHFUL SERVICE
OF THE GOOD DARKIES OF LOUISIANA.

DONOR,
J. L. BRYAN
1927."

The memorial had its inception in the mind of the donor, J. L. Bryan, the son of a large slave owner and himself a cotton planter and banker. To the darkies who have served him all his life he felt he owed a debt of gratitude, and in broaching the subject of the statue he expressed the hope that other cities of Louisiana and the South would also pay this tribute to the faithful slave.

INVITATION TO REUNION VISITORS.

This comes from the Chamber of Commerce of Palmetto, Fla.:

"On account of the Confederate gathering which is to be held in Tampa next April, we wish to express at this time our appreciation of the meeting which will be close to us, and we have been asked to assist in entertaining and caring for the visitors.

"We are arranging a motorcade from Tampa to the Manatee County section the day after the meeting closes in Tampa, and wish to extend to the Veterans, Sons, and all visitors to the meeting an invitation to be our guests on this motorcade.

"The famous historic Robert Gamble mansion is located just three miles east of Palmetto, which is forty miles south of Tampa upon two splendid highways, and we are planning to bring visitors from Tampa and return within the same day.

"We wish to assure all Veterans, Sons, and visitors that we are anxious to do all we can to make the Tampa gathering the greatest one ever experienced by those who visit these occasions annually. We wish to coöperate with you in any way we can. We are in close touch with those in charge of arrangements in Tampa.

R. S. CAMPBELL, *Secretary.*"

1776, 1861, 1914.

In a letter to the *Washington Post* some weeks ago, Lloyd T. Everett, now of DeLand, Fla., refers to an editorial in that paper containing a "statement to the effect that few Americans begrudge the cost of the war of 1861, because such war 'saved' this country, or the United States government." As to which, says Mr. Everett:

"1. Appomattox did not save the United States or their government, simply because victory for Davis and Lee would no more have destroyed said government than victory (by aid of France) for the Continental Congress and Washington destroyed the British government or the British Empire.

"2. The British Empire is better and stronger because of the lesson learned, from the War for American Independence, of respect for the rights of minority sections; and so, in the opinion of many, would be the United States had the war for Southern independence been successful. For this and kindred reasons, many thoughtful American patriots regret the outcome of that war. The sacred right of self-determination is, or should be, the same to students of history and lovers of liberty whether found in the setting of 1776, of 1861, or of 1914.

"A detailed bill of particulars, in support of the above, could be presented; but let a summarized plea suffice for a summary declaration."

SOLDIERS OF THE SIXTIES.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

When the true and unprejudiced history of the War between the States is written, the verdict of the reading world will be that the Southern soldiers were superior to those of the North. If superior in war, have they proved superior in peace? During the war the North enlisted about a million and a half more men than did the South. The North had all the civilized world to recruit from, besides the many thousands of negroes enlisted in the South. The Northern soldiers wanted for nothing. They were bountifully fed and clothed, and were paid money possessed of a purchasing power, while the Southern soldiers were hardly half fed and clothed. During the last two years of the war the South was impoverished, there was little to buy, and the money the soldiers received would not buy that little.

During all the years of the war the North prospered and was enriched and when the war ended her soldiers went to their homes where all necessities and comforts were plentiful. Perhaps one-third of the Confederate soldiers when disbanded had nothing in the world but the few rags they had on their backs. Thousands, when they got back to their homes, found nothing but lone chimneys to show where their homes had been. Yet the Confederate soldiers went to work with the same determination they had fought and by their labor and wise management built new homes and a new South. No people, under similar adverse circumstances, ever prospered as they have. They had but little means besides that energy and courage which enabled them to win victories that startled the world.

The soldiers of the North were not hampered with adverse circumstances, but were blessed with homes and plenty, and in addition soon began to draw pensions. The feeble and helpless Confederate soldiers did not think of pensions till long after the war, but early in the North pensions were given, not only the soldiers, but to deserters, bounty jumpers, and camp followers. They now look to the government for support, and the more they get the more they want, and the Confederate soldiers are being taxed to help pay their pensions.

I conclude, therefore, that the Southern soldiers are superior to the Northern soldiers as citizens and as men.

A LOYAL SON.—D. C. Barton, of Dublin, Va., sends renewal order to "the most interesting magazine published in the United States," and says: "The only fault I can find with it is that it is not big enough. I always read it from 'kiver to kiver,' but am still hungry for more like it. I am only the son of a veteran, but I am just as much of a 'reb' as my old dad, and he never surrendered either his principles or his arms."

STILL A CONFEDERATE CITIZEN.—A friend sends this little story as clipped from a newspaper and wishes to learn something more of this "Confederate Citizen." This is the story: "Down in Mexico, near Vera Cruz, there is an old man, apparently American, who settled in Mexico shortly after General Lee surrendered. He entertains lavishly; but upon one subject he is quite touchy. 'Are you from the United States?' a newcomer will ask, if no one has put him wise. 'Sir,' the old man will say, drawing himself to his full height, 'I am a citizen of the Confederate States of America. As far as I am concerned, or as far as you are concerned as long as you are my guest, there is no United States.'" Anyone who can give further information of this "Confederate citizen" is asked to communicate with the VETERAN.

Confederate Veteran.

THE DICK DOWLING CAMP, U. C. V., OF HOUSTON, TEX.

(This brief outline of activities of Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197 U. C. V., of Houston, Tex., was contributed by Mrs. Winnie Nash Lichenstein, who is Assistant Adjutant of the Camp.)

To begin with, Dick Dowling Camp is what may be termed a *live* organization, having an enrollment of eighty members. We have a permanent Camp room in the City Hall, well equipped, with an office where the individual members meet during the daytime as suits their convenience; where they talk over old times, exchange experiences, and revive memories of the heroic days that have passed, and in which so many have taken an active part. Adjoining this office is a larger room, where pictures are hung upon the walls depicting battle scenes and setting forth the valiant spirit of our unconquerable heroes, together with some of the weapons used in those days, some flags and a few relics to remind us further of the days that have gone, and which bring to memory the events participated in by the comrades to cheer their declining years. In the same room the comrades are given a birthday dinner once a month, in honor of a comrade whose birthday occurred during the month. Prominent speakers and visitors are invited to enliven the occasion, and the dinners are prepared and served by the Daughters of the Confederacy, who, of course, feel privileged in rendering this service. In addition to the birthday dinners, we have banquets, parties, and outdoor picnics during the year.

On the first and third Sunday afternoons in each month the Camp meets in the Council Chamber of the City Hall, and after a brief business meeting, an interesting and entertaining program is given, composed of the best talent obtainable in music, vocal and instrumental, and reading numbers. The ministers of the different Churches all add to the occasion by bringing helpful messages; in fact, there is not a dull moment to be found at any of the gatherings. Our dear and reverend comrade, Gen. J. C. Foster, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, is always deeply solicitous for the welfare of each veteran and his family, and of any individual needs they may have. Mrs. Foster is always at the General's side to help in cases of need, in visiting and ministering to the sick, in sending flowers, and in giving cheer and aid where either or both are found necessary. General Foster has appointed many wives of veterans on the Honor Roll of our Camp.

One of the greatest joys of the camp is experienced when the members receive the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. They are always eagerly looking forward to it, and never miss an item of its contents.

Best wishes from the Camp for a happy and prosperous New Year, and the hope of meeting many comrades during the reunion in Tampa, Fla., next April.

WANTED.—Anyone having a file of Confederate newspapers, complete or otherwise, who will lend, rent, or sell them in the furtherance of research for an important feature of Confederate history, will please address the undersigned. Also would purchase for the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., revolvers stamped "Spiller & Burr, C. S.," "S. W. Cofer's Patent," "Robinson & Lester," and carbines stamped, "J. H. Tarpley's Patent, 1863, B. L." and "Tallassee, Ala., 1864, M. L."—E. Berkley Bowie, 811 South Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.

TO MARK MISSISSIPPI BATTLE FIELDS.

A bill introduced by Hon. J. E. Rankin, of Mississippi, providing for the inspection and survey of the battle fields of Brice's Crossroads and Tupelo, or Harrisburg, Miss., has been passed by the House of Representatives at Washington. If this should also be passed by the Senate, the first steps will have been taken toward the preservation of these historical landmarks. This bill authorizes the appointment of a commission, under which the inspection and rehabilitation work will be carried on.

There are doubtless many survivors of those battles still living, and it is important that they urge upon their Senators that they get behind this measure and pass it.

"The battle fields of Brice's Crossroads and of Tupelo, or Harrisburg, are within about twenty miles of each other. These battles constituted the culmination of one of the great campaigns of the War between the States, which had two objects in view: The first was to keep General Forrest, the great cavalry leader of the Confederacy, off the rear of General Sherman in his march to the sea; and the second was to destroy the cornfields of the rich prairie lands of northeastern Mississippi, which was known as the granary of the Confederacy. The Federals succeeded in holding General Forrest off the rear of General Sherman, but failed to accomplish the destruction of the cornfields throughout the prairie belt.

"They were two of the hardest fought battles of the war, and there were engaged in each between twenty and thirty thousand men. More men were killed in each of these battles than were killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and more killed at Brice's Crossroads than were killed in the first Battle of Bull Run (Manassas).

"The first of these battles was a Confederate victory and the second was a victory for the Federal forces.

"It is necessary to get a survey of these battle fields now before all of the soldiers who participated in these engagements are dead in order that a correct picture of them may be preserved for placing markers, monuments, etc., in the future."

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.—Although the fund for the Matthew Fontaine Maury monument in Richmond, Va., has been completed, it is the desire of Mrs. E. E. Moffatt, President of the Maury Association, to continue the efforts to get this great benefactor of mankind better known, not only outside of the South, but among his own people, who are sadly ignorant of his great work. To that end, she continues the offer of the pamphlets written on Maury's life as long as they last. There are four of these now offered, as follows: Sketch of Maury, by Miss Maria Blair; Matthew Fontaine Maury, by Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips; Memorials to the Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, and Maury, by John Coke, Miller, and Morgan; and the Financial Prospectus. All for one dollar. Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

COLLECTING NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.—Any of the VETERAN readers who have newspaper clippings giving articles on the War between the States, reminiscences of service, experience of women of the South during that time, and anything that adds to the history of those stirring years, are asked to contribute of these to the collection that is being made by Washington and Lee University. Miss Mary D. Carter, of Upper-ville, Va., will receive these contributions and forward to the University from time to time.

WILLIAM and MARY QUARTERLY HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Published by the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia

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W. B. Williams, of Clarksburg, W. Va., Route No. 1., has back numbers of the VETERAN which he wishes to dispose of; these go back to 1910.

His master asked an old Negro servant to get him a good Christmas turkey. "Mind you, Sam," he said, "I don't want a wild turkey."

"I'll get you a tame one, boss," said Sam.

The turkey arrived. When the father of the family began to carve it his knife struck something hard. It proved to be a pocket of shot. He sent for Sam.

"I told you not to bring me a wild turkey," he said.

"Dat was tame turkey, boss."

"But I found the shot in him."

"Don't you worry, boss. Dat shot were intended for dis niggah."

YEARLY TONNAGE OF PAPER MONEY.

Twelve hundred tons of paper money is being manufactured each year by the United States government to supply the needs of the country. In twelve months approximately 1,000,000,000 new pieces of paper money are put into circulation. The same number are worn out each year. The life of a dollar bill is estimated at six months, or shorter than ever before in history.

The use of proper money in this country has increased threefold during the last fifteen years. At the same time, the government has been seeking ways and means of increasing the life of paper money. Paper which is one hundred per cent stronger than the present standard is to be put into use soon.

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Drum

Wilson Ear Drum Co., (Inc.) in Position 396 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.



The cost of the annual replacement of paper money is estimated at \$4,000,000. The life of paper money is steadily decreasing, the government reports, due to increased circulation and greater carelessness in handling it.—*Canadian American*.

OLD IRON.

"I saw him," said the witness, "steal a hammer from a hardware store and bolt for the door, upon which I had noticed he riveted his attention from the first."

"Yes," said the judge, kindly.

"Well, I tried to hold him, but he gave me a wrench and got a weigh, and then I called a policeman, who nailed him."

"You employed great tack," said the Judge, gravely. "Tin months."—*Canadian-American*.

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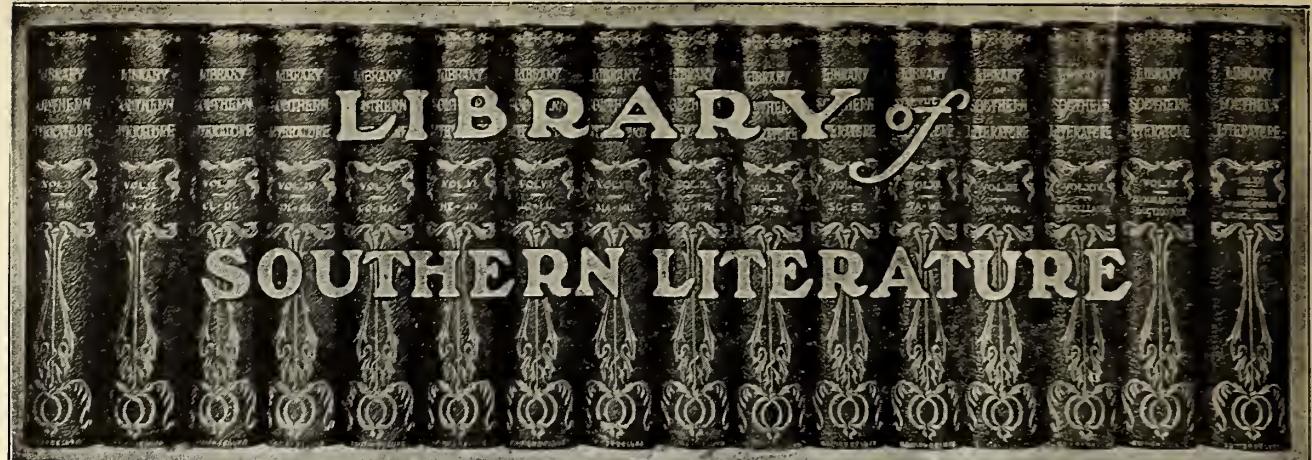


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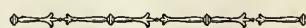


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